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**PERFORMING OLD LADY & BLAIR DANIELS IN SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH
GEORGE**

An honors paper submitted to the Department of Theatre and Dance
of the University of Mary Washington
in partial fulfillment of the requirements for Departmental Honors

Taryn E. Snyder
April 2015

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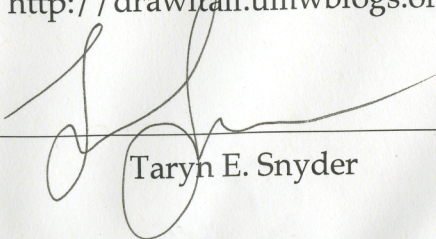
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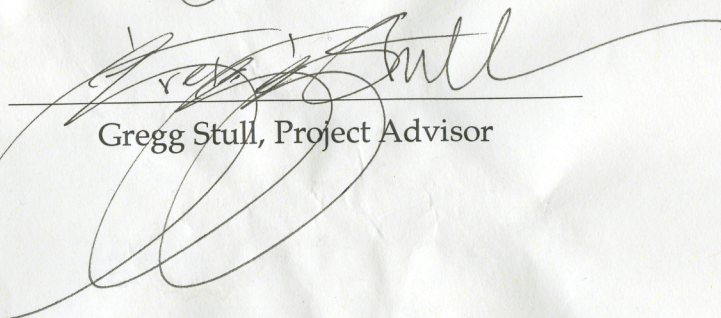
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Sunday in the Park with George*

submitted to the Department of Theatre & Dance
in fulfillment of THEA 482: Senior Project

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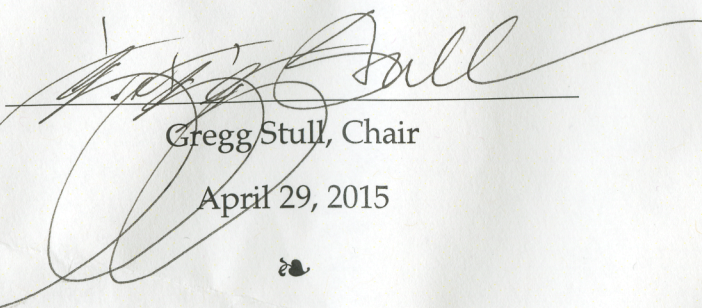


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Gregg Stull, Project Advisor

AWARDED HONORS IN THEATRE, 2015



Gregg Stull, Chair
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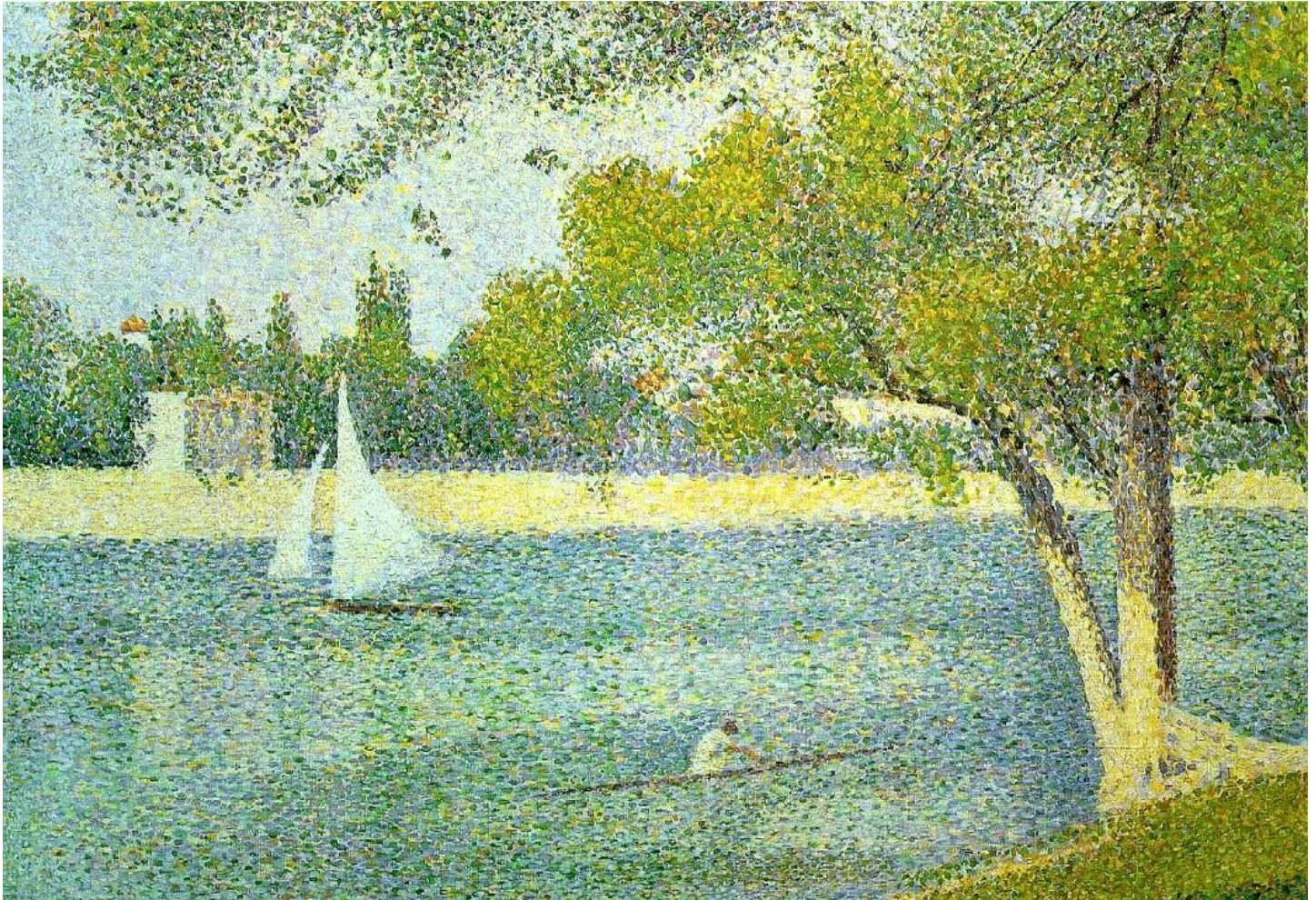


UNIVERSITY OF
MARY WASHINGTON

Department of
Theatre and Dance

Draw It All

Where is that tree?



Self-Critique

by [Tar](#) on December 8, 2014 in [Music and Lyrics](#)

I wrote a lot about my critique in my closing night post, but I'm going to add a bit more now that I've had some more time to reflect...

This production forced me to grow so much as an actor. Both Blair and the Old Lady had their own distinct challenges... first off just the challenge of playing multiple roles. Finding the age of the Old Lady without making her characterization all about her age... This was the biggest challenge for me. Her age is definitely monumental to her as a person but it's not what defines her. Finding her physicality is what helped the most with this. Gregg's comment about being aware of her hands stuck with me. They couldn't hold as much weight on their own and most of the movement stemmed from the elbow rather than the shoulder because of this. The hands themselves had a bit of a shake to them, which eventually became easier and easier to do without doing too much. I believe the movement felt very natural. She only moved when necessary because of her age, and movements were very deliberate. This went for the voice as well. When she spoke, it was because she needed to say what she had to say and people better listen. She didn't have time for superfluous conversation.

Blair was similar in that regard: She definitely believed her opinions needed to be heard and each movement was very calculated. At first, I thought of her as a pompous bitch, honestly. And it showed. And no one likes someone who's just a bitch. So I reworked her... She remained calculated and proud, but instead of it being a self proclaimed pride, it was definitely earned. Blair worked very hard to get to where she was in her career and it's well known that she's one of the best at what she

does. Her opinions matter very much in artist circles and while she can come off as a bit pompous, she truly does care about the art and the people who create it. I think I conveyed this with my relationship with George- she pushes him because she cares about him and doesn't want him to be written off. She knows he has potential but what he's creating just doesn't market to the masses. She wants him to be successful, and she flat out tells him what he needs to do to do that because she does consider him a friend. I also conveyed this with the scene with Marie and Elaine, the banter between Marie and Blair about the painting at first was very condescending but it grew to be more playful. My inner monologue was less, "This crazy woman doesn't have any idea what she's talking about" to "I enjoy her way of thinking. I'm intrigued." Thus making her much more sympathetic than my original idea for her.

I think the biggest struggle with this show was the idea of the Old Lady having dementia... At first I was so certain that this woman was losing it. She thought trees were being uprooted, she didn't know where she was, what happened in George's childhood- and I played her that way. She was kooky and needed to be committed. It was horrible. Throughout the rehearsal process I really struggled with her... and Gregg kept reminding me... she's not a silly character. She's a serious character who happens to be comedic. I was playing the comedy too much. And going about it all wrong. I was so focused on this one part of her, and even reading my first few blog posts I see that. I didn't really understand what made her tick. I kept trying to find it and it wasn't until I really started thinking about George that I started to understand. George is very much in his own world. People see him as aloof or a little nutty because of it. But he's not crazy, he just sees things differently. And I thought to myself, that's it! True, she is suffering from mild dementia, but it's her view of the world that people don't understand. George removes the tree and she's the only one who notices. They're on the same wavelength. They share the same soul in a lot of ways. She doesn't think she's crazy, despite what others may think of her. Someday's she sees the world as everyone else sees it and someday's she doesn't. Someday's she sees George and thinks to herself "There's my son, drawing in the park." Other days she doesn't even notice him. She sees things as they once were. Her subconscious is trying to sooth her by making up for the things she doesn't recall with things she once loved in her youth: The view for example. She chooses to see it without the Eiffel tower construction because that's what she longs for. The same goes for George's childhood: She knows it wasn't as pretty as she tells him it was but she is quite literally making it beautiful because she can. She controls what she wants to believe is true, and that's not crazy. She makes her world as beautiful as it can be to bring herself joy. I like to think I conveyed this. The last thing I wanted was for someone to walk out of the theatre thinking she's a complete nutter, because she's far from it. She's an artist in her own right. She creates beautiful memories and makes her life beautiful with them.

I'm incredibly proud of my progression through this show. It has without a doubt been the hardest production I've worked on. I'm very used to playing wild, funny and out there characters but for this I got to show my control. It's funny actually, at the backstage pass wrap-up a patron asked, "How do you all do it? How do you not just totally lose it with all this beautiful music and heart breaking material? Or is that just what acting is?" Someone else answered, but it made me really think about that. If I had answered, I would've told them, that's exactly what acting is. To me, acting is having the ability to control losing control. If you lose it entirely, it just becomes melodramatic and loses potency. It's so much more interesting to see someone hide behind their true emotions or appear completely collected. That's what the Old Lady was all about. She knew her memory was fading. She knew her memories or what she saw wasn't completely true and to keep that from scaring her she created her own world in which she felt safe. She kept control and only let go with George. The amount of emotion I felt when I said the word "Good." is absolutely ridiculous. I never would've thought I would feel that much on one single word. And I know others felt it. You could feel the entire theatre shift when I said that word. Having the ability to do that is just... it amazes me.

I do hope that my performance conveyed all I intended it to... This has been such a challenge and I feel so proud of the work that I've been able to bring to the stage. I pushed myself to really see beyond just the text or any preconceived notions. My characters changed so much over time and I've grown to love them and their relationships so much. I'm so thankful for this experience. It's taught me a lot about myself... most importantly it's taught me the value of perspective. There are so many ways to see something or someone and we should never limit it to just one way. The characters aren't characters to me... they're people who I know intimately. They have likes and dislikes with full histories and complexities just like anyone you'd see on the street. Everyone is the protagonist in their own story, even if they aren't the main focus of the play. The action is always moving and always fresh. It was with this show that I truly understood that fact. Each of us were the main character in our own worlds and it helped to elevate the full plot. If nothing else, I do hope that that fact came across. Each character was a dot, and we all worked together to create the whole.

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Recent Posts

- [Self-Critique](#)
- [So many possibilities...](#)
- [97](#)
- [White. A Blank page or canvas](#)
- [Notes 11.5.14](#)

Recent Comments

Archives

- [December 2014](#)
- [November 2014](#)
- [October 2014](#)
- [September 2014](#)

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- [Character Work](#)
- [Music and Lyrics](#)
- [Random Thoughts and Interjections](#)
- [Rehearsal Process](#)
- [Research](#)
- [Visual Research](#)

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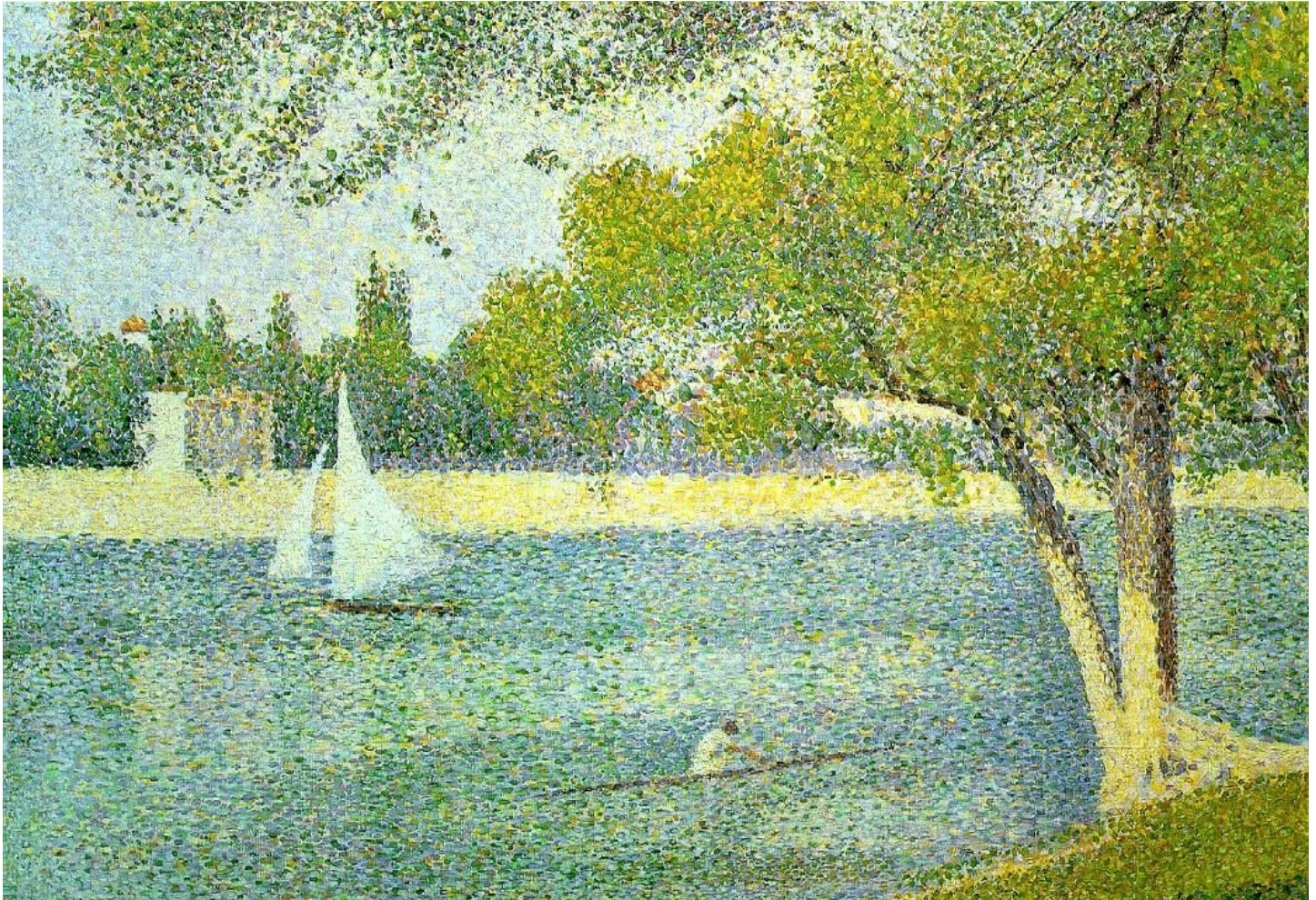
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Draw It All

Where is that tree?



So many possibilities...

by [Tar](#) on November 25, 2014 in [Music and Lyrics](#)

I've done a lot of thinking of what happens after George's death and to the point when later George returns to the park... Julia and I worked together a bit to figure it out.. and this is what we've come up with...

After George's death, the Old Lady was inconsolable. She often pushed the Nurse away and wanted to be alone. At the funeral, however, the grief took a toll on her. She turned to the Nurse and said "Why are we here? We should be at the park." She had good days and bad days, remembering and forgetting, but the Nurse stayed with her until the very end. Years later, she died peacefully in her sleep. While taking care of her things, the Nurse finds a letter addressed to her: "My dearest Nurse, You have been so kind to me all these years even I have not. At first I refused to accept that I needed you, but in the end I really did. I needed you so much more than I ever thought I would. You have been more than a Nurse to me. You've been a very dear friend. I imagine if I had ever had a daughter she would have been something like you. I wish to leave everything I had in life to you. I have one request, go out and make your life worth remembering. You never know when you might forget. Go feel the light and take it all in. It's time for me to go see my son in the park and sit under my tree. Thank you for all your love."

Julia and I also realized that during the act two "Sunday", it's the first time the Nurse and the Old lady have seen each other since her death. Realizing that made the song even more powerful. I'll never forget the feeling of relief when I turned to see her smiling at me.

This show has left me with so many emotions. It's been so hard but so rewarding. Honestly, I feel like I've aged beyond my years by playing this role. I've learned the importance of stillness and power of silence- how the words that are said are said because they are the most important words that need to be heard at that time. That's a powerful lesson both as an actor and just as a person in general. I've learned the importance of building relationships and just how much they can affect you both on and off stage. There aren't any words to describe it. This show has been a roller-coaster. I don't think I've ever felt this deeply with a performance. I am so proud of everyone involved. We created something untouchable. And though it's over, we'll always have it in our hearts. It's going to be a while before I can look Julia in the eyes without wanting to cry or look at Austin and not feel an overwhelming sense of pride. That's what makes theatre so great and makes it worth doing. We'll have this for the rest of our lives. We've created life and art and relationships and experiences- all in three short months.

I look forward to whatever comes next. I know that what I've gained from this show will stick with me for the rest of my life both as an actor and as a person. As an actor I feel so honored to be able to create lives for these people who are just words on a page. There is nothing more rewarding. And parts of them always stay with you. I always hate when people ask, "What's your favorite role you've played?" It's like asking a parent what their favorite child is. These characters become a part of you. You learn from them and they blossom out of your own experiences.

The Old Lady has taught me the importance of stillness and relationships. Blair has taught me confidence and power. Patsy humbled me and allowed me to be free. The Adult Woman allowed me to see how every character has many levels, no matter how present they are. Also that voice and body can make or break a character. Veta Louise taught me sympathy and how to be light of heart. Jack's Mom started the foundation of learning how to love fully and unconditionally. All of this and so much more. I built these characters but they helped to create me. And it will continue to be this way... I look forward to seeing what Linda brings out of me.

I am so many emotions this week with closing and moving on to a new project. Ha. Moving on. That's theatre. One door closes, another opens. You can't linger. You have to grow. You have to make it new, something of your own. You have to make it beautiful. And we did.

We made in beautiful.

[← Previous Post](#)

[Self-Critique →](#)

Recent Posts

- [Self-Critique](#)
- [So many possibilities...](#)
- [97](#)
- [White. A Blank page or canvas](#)
- [Notes 11.5.14](#)

Recent Comments

Archives

- [December 2014](#)
- [November 2014](#)
- [October 2014](#)
- [September 2014](#)

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- [Music and Lyrics](#)
- [Random Thoughts and Interjections](#)
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- [Research](#)
- [Visual Research](#)

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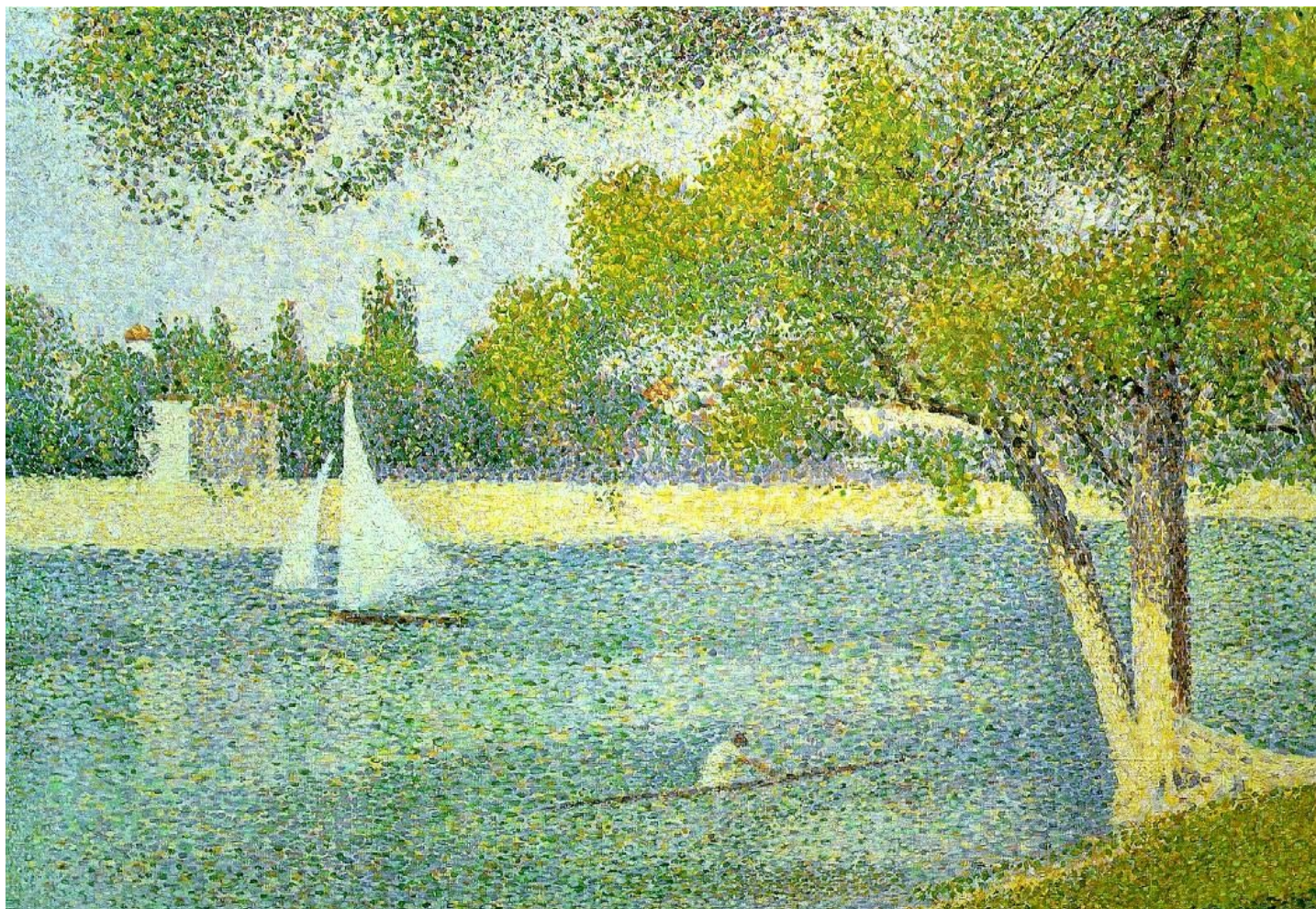
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Where is that tree?



by [Tar](#) on November 25, 2014 in [Music and Lyrics](#)

My absolute favorite part of doing shows is building relationships. We closed this past Sunday and it took a lot more out of me that I anticipated. I always get emotional for closing night but this one was just really hard. And it's because of the love I have for all these people; both the actors and the characters. It's the best part and worst part about theatre. It just ends. All we have left are the memories and the feelings. (And the pieces of tree that Kenny cuts out for you to keep) I was talking to Julia and we both agreed how it feels so unfair to be ending now- our relationship was growing to such heights. Each performance we added another level. At first our relationship was very silly and light. I disliked her because I felt I didn't need her, and made her job more difficult on purpose and she would sigh but keep on keepin' on. But over these past few weeks, through on and off stage in character conversations, we grew to so much more. We would always start and end the scenes a few minutes before/after we were on stage. Our conversations got more and more indepth. Towards the beginning they were merely silly banter but then they progressed to things like this...

After Boatman scene:

Nurse: Poor Mr. George... That man shouldn't have yelled at him like he did...

Old Lady: Who's Mr. George?

After Dot's Grammar lesson:

(in reference to Louise)

Nurse: I think I'd like to have children. Don't you think that'd be nice? You'd be like their grandmother.

Old Lady: How could I be a grandmother? I'm not even a mother.

Nurse: Quite right madame.

Nurse: I think I'd like to have children. Don't you think that'd be nice? You'd be like their grandmother.

Old Lady: I suppose that would be nice...

Everybody Loves Louis (These were my favorite. They changed day to day beautifully)

Old Lady: Nurse! I've been looking everywhere for you!

Nurse: Madame, it's my day off. You were supposed to stay home today.

Old Lady: I didn't want to be alone in that house. I got scared and I thought to myself... Where is my Nurse? She must be alone too. I need to find her. The park! And here you are!

Nurse: Yes madame, here I am.

Old Lady: Nurse!

Nurse: Madame! Where have you been? You had me worried sick... I came to the park to plan a spot to plant a new tree since yours seems to have disappeared. Would you like that?

Old Lady: Nurse! Where have you been? I woke up and you were gone! And there was this strange bearded man... it scared me. I couldn't find you.

Nurse: Madame! What are you doing here?

Old Lady: Looking for you! I thought we should go see George today. I haven't seen him in such a long time.

Nurse: Yes Madame. What a lovely idea.

We also had a constant dialogue about the park which would go something like the following:

Nurse: What shall we do today, madame?

Old Lady: Let's go to the park. I like watching the artists. You know I wanted to be an artist. I'm glad George is.

Old Lady: Why do we keep coming to this park? It's filled with mean little girls and scary bearded men. Let's go somewhere else tomorrow.

Nurse: Of course, madame. Tomorrow we'll go somewhere different, I'm sure.

It changed daily, depending on the mood of the show. Some days the Old Lady's memory was better than others, and our conversations became very sad and sincere. They became real. I grew to truly love the Nurse. This past weekend each show became harder and harder because we both knew we would soon have to say goodbye to it all. We were so invested. I'm still invested. This is why I love theatre. We've created these characters who have touched us so deeply that I physically ached saying goodbye to them. It's so wonderfully bittersweet.

For closing I always write thank you cards, and Julia's was the longest. Not intentionally, it just happened to turn out that way. I cried like a baby writing it. There was just so much love and dedication in our on stage relationship. It's hard to say goodbye. Right before I went on for my final scene, I turned to Julia and hugged her and told her something I've been thinking about for

a while now., "You know, she forgot a lot of things. Some days were better than others. Some days she didn't even know who her son was... But she never forgot you. You were the one constant in her life." We both then preceded to cry, causing everyone else to cry, and it was big beautiful sad-happy cry fest during "Sunday". It was perfect.

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Recent Posts

- [Self-Critique](#)
- [So many possibilities...](#)
- [97](#)
- [White. A Blank page or canvas](#)
- [Notes 11.5.14](#)

Recent Comments

Archives

- [December 2014](#)
- [November 2014](#)
- [October 2014](#)
- [September 2014](#)

Categories

- [Character Work](#)
- [Music and Lyrics](#)
- [Random Thoughts and Interjections](#)
- [Rehearsal Process](#)
- [Research](#)
- [Visual Research](#)

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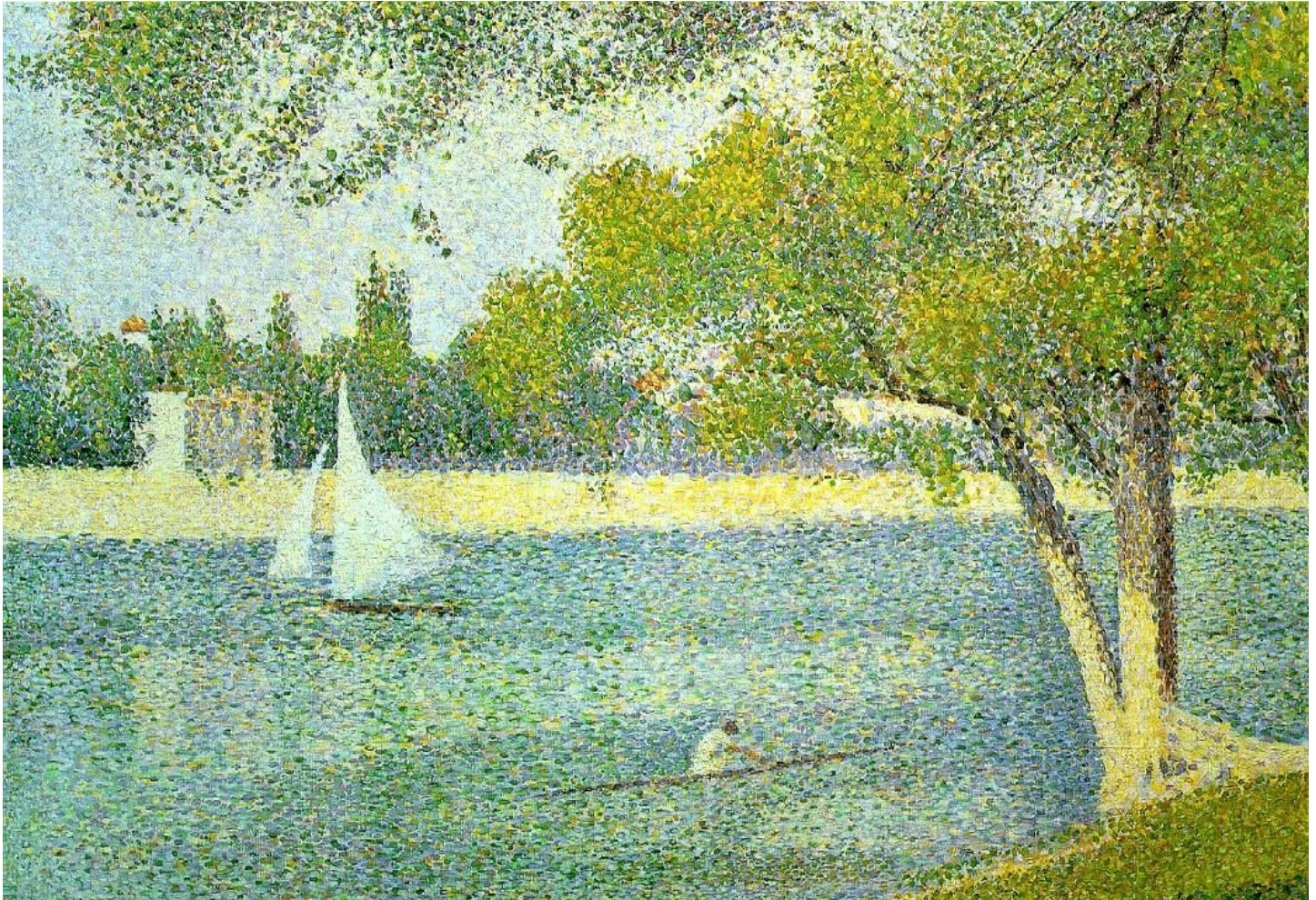
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Where is that tree?



White. A Blank page or canvas

by [Tar](#) on November 7, 2014 in [Music and Lyrics](#)

or in this case, stage.

So last night was opening night and I really felt it went very well.

I've been thinking a lot about this show and throughout this process it's felt very different than any other show I've done. I couldn't put my finger on what it was though. It had a certain disconnect and it drove me crazy. I over analyzed everything and was trying to hard to connect. I was feeling a lot like George. And then Gregg talked to us all the other night and told us what the show was missing was an arch, cohesiveness. This got me thinking. This show is harder because it really is disjointed. It takes place over two years and there are twenty people who don't all interact with each other. There's lots of little stories, vignettes even. Tiny pieces making up one big piece. And then the line "All of the parts but none of the whole" popped up in my head.

This whole time I've been viewing this show as pieces but never really adding it up. And that's the key to this. Just like the painting, you have to appreciate the big picture and all the parts that it took to make it. The show is styled in a pontilistic way. Damn it Sondheim you are a genius.

So last night before the show it dawned on me that this is my last musical here. I think I had been avoiding that thought. I still kinda am. But with the whole thought of connecting it all together, I looked at the show differently and something clicked. I always sit next to the orchestra when I'm offstage, I don't like going down to the dressing room it takes me out of it, and even

though I couldn't see the action on stage, I listened to the music and pieced together what I've seen in rehearsals and "watched" the show. It really moved me.

Gregg always says that actors have to use a lot of their brain but at the end of the day the work has to come from their heart. They have to feel it. I've been trying so hard to feel that for weeks now to no avail. But last night I just gave into the music and the work and it got me. I felt it in my heart. And this is really just the beginning. Three weeks from now this show will touch us and move us in so many more ways. I can only imagine. It's so beautiful now, I can't wait to see what it unfolds into.

Cheers to a great run.

[← Notes 11.5.14](#)

[Next Post →](#)

Recent Posts

- [Self-Critique](#)
- [So many possibilities...](#)
- [97](#)
- [White. A Blank page or canvas](#)
- [Notes 11.5.14](#)

Recent Comments

Archives

- [December 2014](#)
- [November 2014](#)
- [October 2014](#)
- [September 2014](#)

Categories

- [Character Work](#)
- [Music and Lyrics](#)
- [Random Thoughts and Interjections](#)
- [Rehearsal Process](#)
- [Research](#)
- [Visual Research](#)

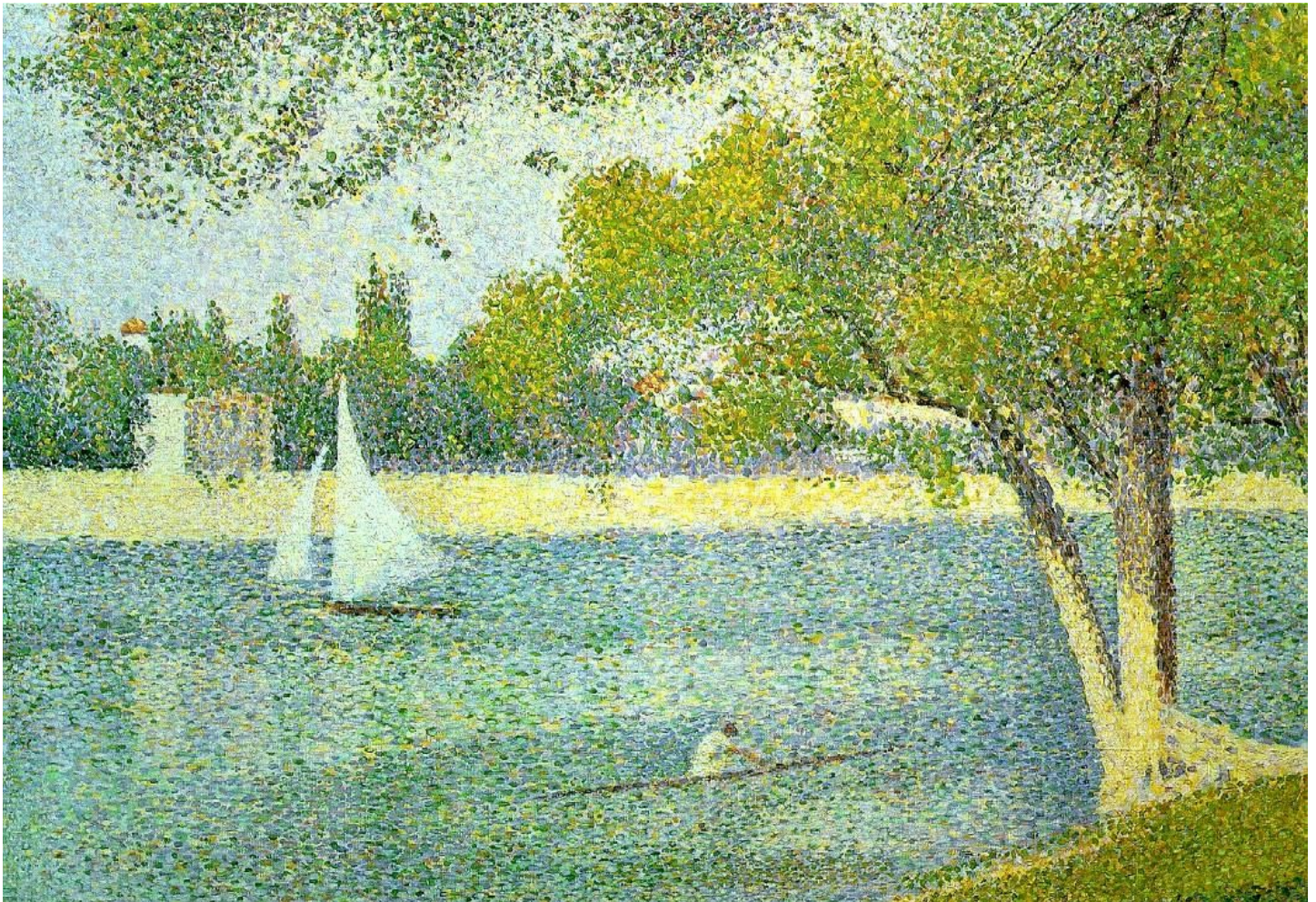
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Where is that tree?



Notes 11.5.14

by [Tar](#) on November 7, 2014 in [Music and Lyrics](#)

1.1 lovely relationship at the start

The relationship Julia and I have created is my favorite thing about this show. It feels so real and natural to me. I love it.

1.3 nice use of the hands

1.5 I need colume and enunciation... I am losing your dialogue because you are not providing nearly enough for the mic to amplify... the engineer is pushing your mics to get volume so you sound like you are in a different world than everyone else... commit to the language

1.13 enter sooner, please... this transition is a bit too long. lost the first syllable of beautiful in you make it beautiful

1.14b give the mic something to work with, please... ground the character in stronger vocal technique

2.1b you must give the mic more to work with... your feelings are soft but your vocal life cannot be

2.4b like more and more about less and less...excellent work with that phrase

lots about vocal life for this night. A lot of us weren't really giving the mics enough, or the language. Maybe it was because we had an audience and we just got out of it or something. I'm usually pretty strong with projection and vocal life, so I just gotta

get back into it. I wasn't feeling too vocally sound that night either. Lots of phlegm. Gross. I've been chugging tea since then. It's helping!

[← Notes 11.4.14](#)[White. A Blank page or canvas →](#)

Recent Posts

- [Self-Critique](#)
- [So many possibilities...](#)
- [97](#)
- [White. A Blank page or canvas](#)
- [Notes 11.5.14](#)

Recent Comments

Archives

- [December 2014](#)
- [November 2014](#)
- [October 2014](#)
- [September 2014](#)

Categories

- [Character Work](#)
- [Music and Lyrics](#)
- [Random Thoughts and Interjections](#)
- [Rehearsal Process](#)
- [Research](#)
- [Visual Research](#)

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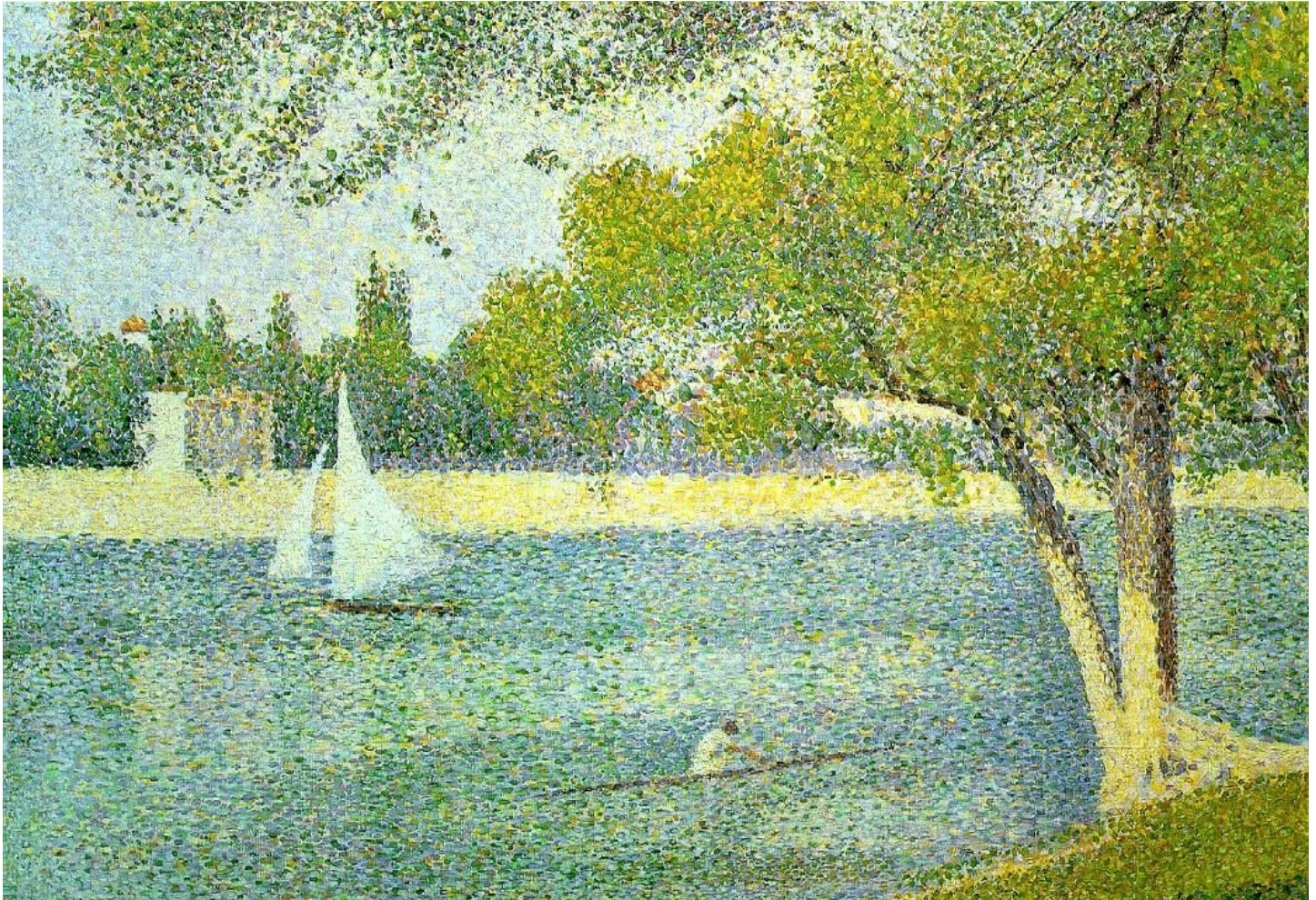
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Where is that tree?



Notes 11.4.14

by [Tar](#) on November 7, 2014 in [Rehearsal Process](#)

1.1 lovely looking at the light in the park...thank you

:]

1.13 lovely focus...keep pouring out the love for your son

:]!

2.1b you were a tad bit soft tonight...put it out there

Trying to find the balance of keeping the emotion and the softness while still being heard...

2.4b when you hit the edge of the portal... I want to see that you are close to the person you left George to chat with

Good point. I really doubt the person I'm going to talk to is that far away. I've decided to put my person right at the edge of the portal, so I start talking to them as I'm exiting.

2.5a Louis... yes you mentioned him in your presentation.. you are humoring this nice old lady

Less judgmental Blair!

2.8 love “good”



Lots of good notes. The more I work on this show the more comfortable I feel with the stillness of the Old Lady. I’m really loving her more and more.

[← Notes 11.3.12](#)

[Notes 11.5.14 →](#)

Recent Posts

- [Self-Critique](#)
- [So many possibilities...](#)
- [97](#)
- [White. A Blank page or canvas](#)
- [Notes 11.5.14](#)

Recent Comments

Archives

- [December 2014](#)
- [November 2014](#)
- [October 2014](#)
- [September 2014](#)

Categories

- [Character Work](#)
- [Music and Lyrics](#)
- [Random Thoughts and Interjections](#)
- [Rehearsal Process](#)
- [Research](#)
- [Visual Research](#)

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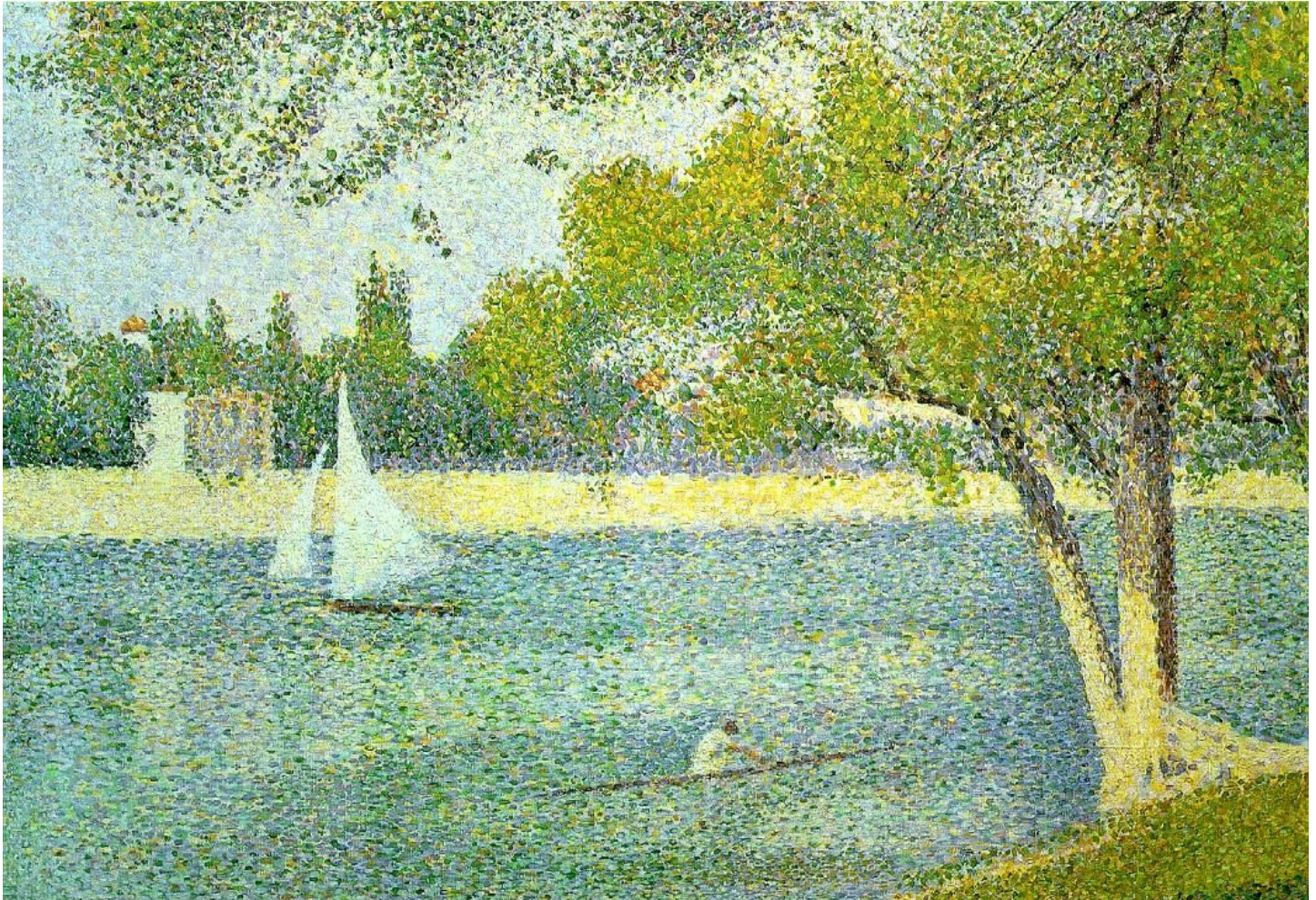
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Where is that tree?



Notes 11.3.12

by [Tar](#) on November 4, 2014 in [Rehearsal Process](#)

1.1 Where is that tree? First time...it's not foreboding? It's a real question. You are surprised that the tree is not there. And this is not our tree. Don't be so sharp... just confirm to the nurse that you are always right.

I agree. Last night I said it in a very weird way. Tonight will be much more genuine. Less fearful...haha.

1.2 the fan must move only occasionally and slowly...it draws focus

I was worried about this. I'll make smaller motions tonight.

1.3 I like no parasol when George is there. You need to use your hands more.

Gregg had told me before about the hands thing...using them from the elbow... I'll play with it. I'm afraid I'll do too much, but I'll just go for it tonight.

1.5 Anticipate the entrance... you need to be onstage sooner.

Before we had been waiting on the music to move but this time we'll just go after the painting music concludes to Chris can take his cue off of our movement.

1.8 You cannot move that quickly to get into place

For some reason the Old Lady was hauling ass to get to the Nurse last night...

1.13 Nice stillness. Lovely relationship here...very strong scene

YAY! Beautiful is my favorite scene..I really feel it.

1.14b No future in dreaming...it's advice..remember, these lines are invitational..not declining in energy.

I always need to remember this with all my lines... invitational.

2.1b Nice on the moment where Old Lady stops the nurse... it makes both moments so tender and makes the not even her meaningful

This moment effect Julia and I. It changed the entire feel. We both got a bit choked up.

2.4b Just a tad earlier to interrupt him, please. The double kiss is more air kiss than real kiss. Remember "humanity" is your kind choice of words to cover what you really would like to say

Our double kiss was kinda awkward.

2.5a Opportunity has a y1. Waffle stove..be surprised at what this amateur thinks..but hide your judgement... this continues with Louis. Nice oh yes. Awfully nice to have met you needs to come more from...this is getting way out of hand...there is something about the moment that should propel you to someone else at the party.

I need to remember...Blair isn't a bitch. Need to keep her likeable and nonjudgmental.

[← Notes 11.2.14](#)

[Notes 11.4.14 →](#)

Recent Posts

- [Self-Critique](#)
- [So many possibilities...](#)
- [97](#)
- [White. A Blank page or canvas](#)
- [Notes 11.5.14](#)

Recent Comments

Archives

- [December 2014](#)
- [November 2014](#)
- [October 2014](#)
- [September 2014](#)

Categories

- [Character Work](#)
- [Music and Lyrics](#)
- [Random Thoughts and Interjections](#)
- [Rehearsal Process](#)
- [Research](#)
- [Visual Research](#)

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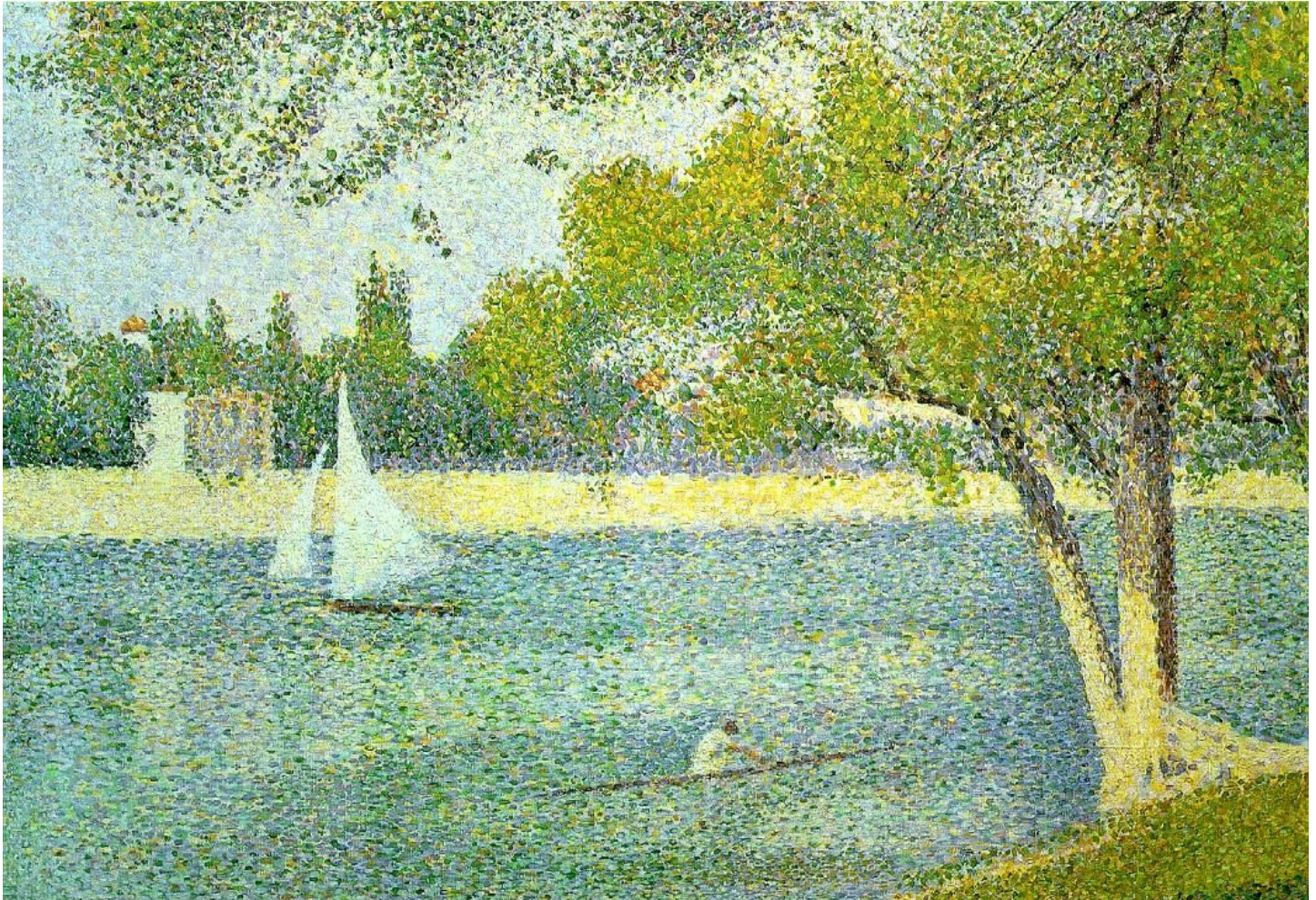
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Where is that tree?



Notes 11.2.14

by [Tar](#) on November 4, 2014 in [Rehearsal Process](#)

SUNDAY Notes 11.2.14

1.3 : I am wondering what this would look like if your parasol was not up when George talks with you

Tried this last night, closed the parasol when the Nurse returned next to me.

1.13 : I want you to look for and feel the light each time you come into the park.

Now whenever I situate myself under my tree I take a moment to look out, find my light, and take it in.

2.1b : Can the holding up of the hand happen a couple of steps after you begin? And hold it front of you so it stops her.

Before receiving this note I would just immediately stop her...Last night I tried this and it created such a great feeling on stage between Julia and I.

You all must be very quiet when you are leaving this scene.

2.4b : Maybe a kiss on each cheek on your entrance. Open up more... all I am seeing is a lot of shiny red hair.

Have to remember to open up!!!

[← More Foreigners](#)[Notes 11.3.12 →](#)

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- [Self-Critique](#)
- [So many possibilities...](#)
- [97](#)
- [White. A Blank page or canvas](#)
- [Notes 11.5.14](#)

Recent Comments

Archives

- [December 2014](#)
- [November 2014](#)
- [October 2014](#)
- [September 2014](#)

Categories

- [Character Work](#)
- [Music and Lyrics](#)
- [Random Thoughts and Interjections](#)
- [Rehearsal Process](#)
- [Research](#)
- [Visual Research](#)

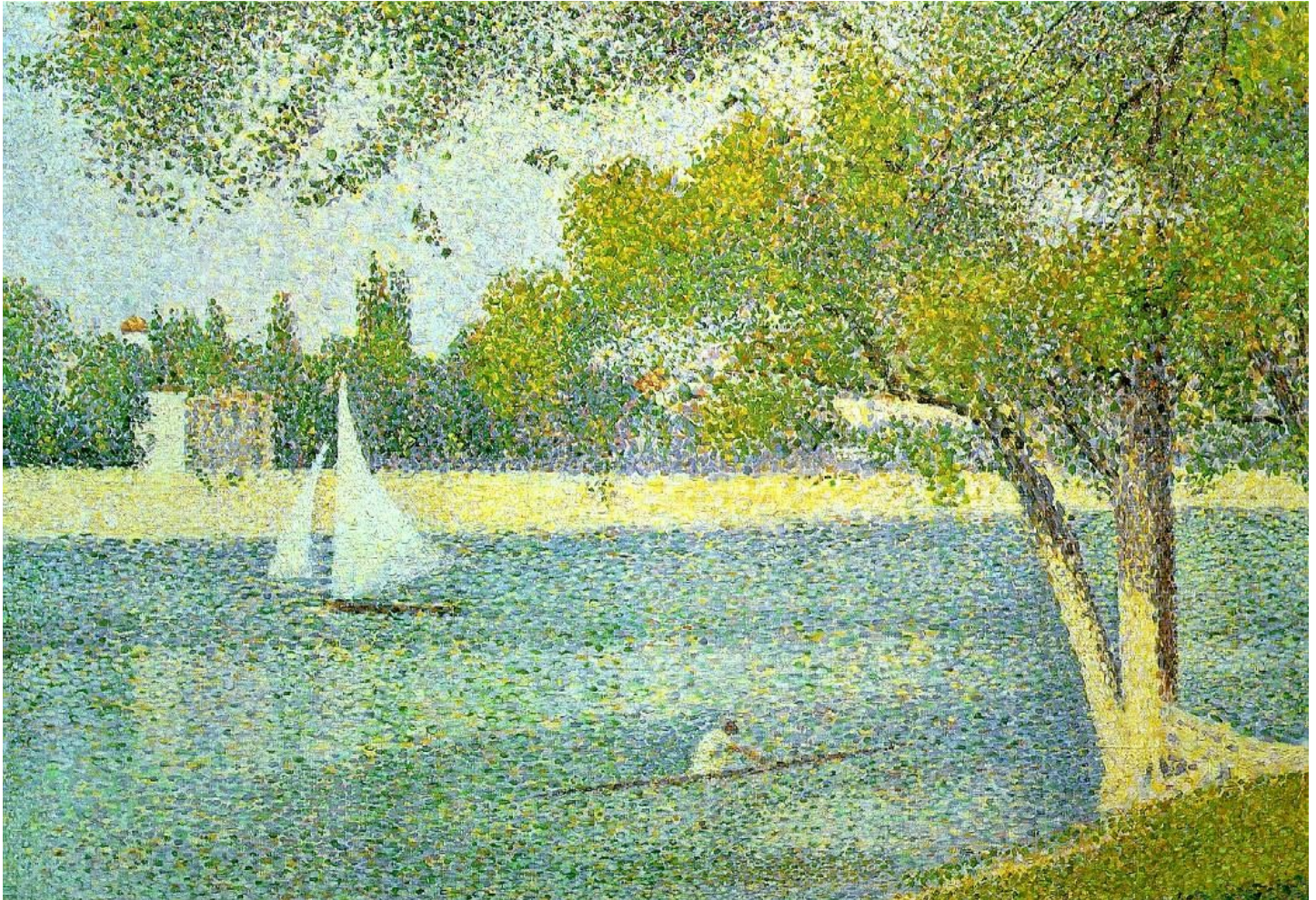
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More Foreigners

by [Tar](#) on October 29, 2014 in [Character Work](#), [Rehearsal Process](#)

I am sick of foreigners.

- Industrial Revolution in France led to an increase of jobs, which led to an increase of immigration
- Slums began popping up in France to help with the increased population
- Old Lady comes from an old French family, thus the French people should have the jobs in her mind. Very Old World view of things
- Biggest reason she doesn't like foreigners: Increased immigration means more industrial jobs, meaning more change.

[← NURSE!](#)

[Notes 11.2.14 →](#)

Recent Posts

- [Self-Critique](#)
- [So many possibilities...](#)
- [97](#)
- [White. A Blank page or canvas](#)
- [Notes 11.5.14](#)

Recent Comments

Archives

- [December 2014](#)
- [November 2014](#)
- [October 2014](#)
- [September 2014](#)

Categories

- [Character Work](#)
- [Music and Lyrics](#)
- [Random Thoughts and Interjections](#)
- [Rehearsal Process](#)
- [Research](#)
- [Visual Research](#)

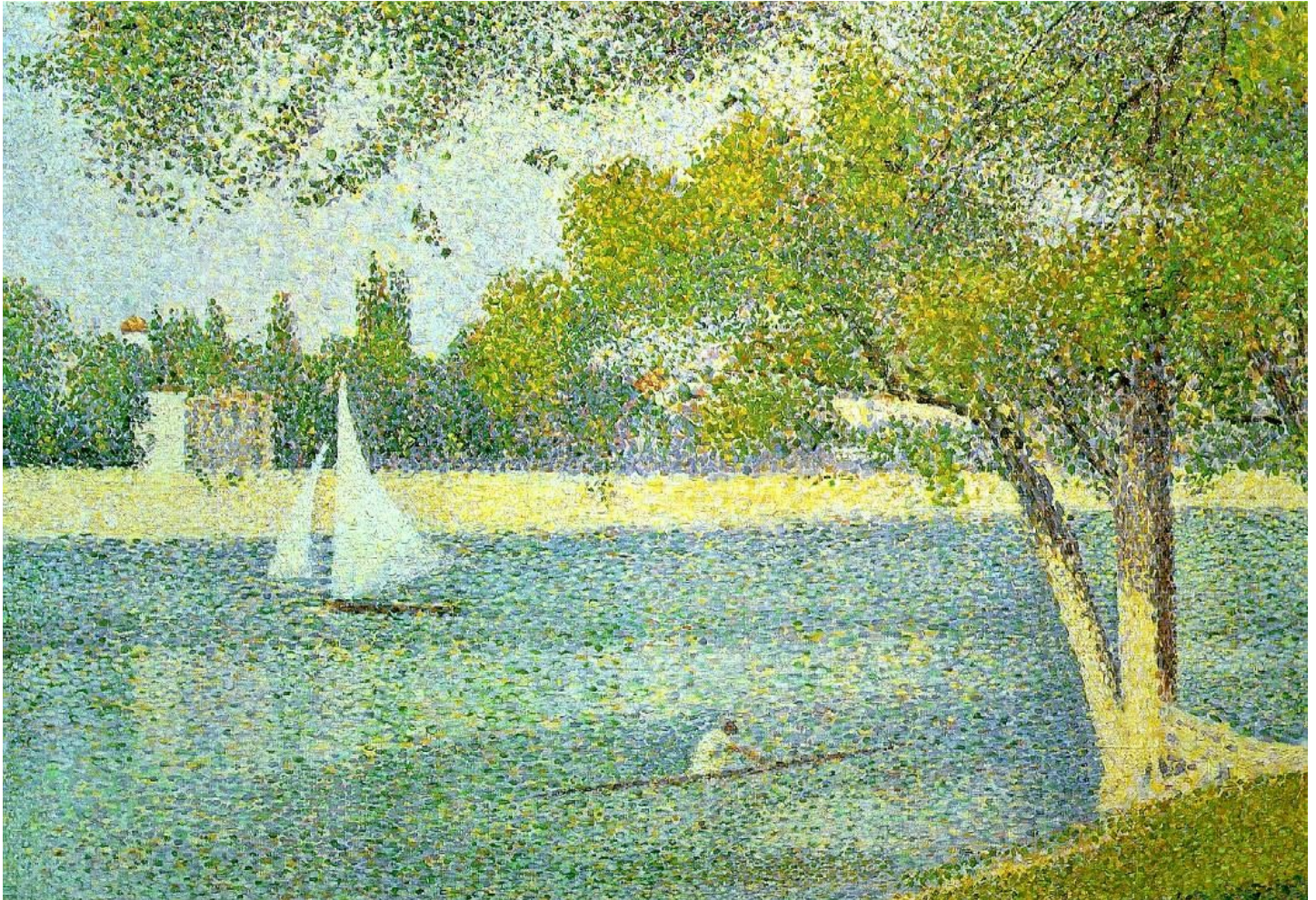
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NURSE!

by [Tar](#) on October 29, 2014 in [Character Work](#), [Rehearsal Process](#)

- Has been working for the Old Lady for about 5 years now
- George hired her, without the Old Lady's knowledge
- Old Lady was not pleased. She did not think she needed someone following her around, but George insisted.
- At the beginning of her employment, the Old Lady would do things to make the Nurse's job more difficult, in efforts to make her quit.
- To her dismay, the Nurse never faltered. She was clearly annoyed, but she would not quit. This annoyed the Old Lady at first, but eventually she started to respect her for it, though she would never tell her that to her face.
- The Old Lady soon realized that the Nurse did in fact make life easier
- Nurse is now the only person the Old Lady really talks to, other than George occasionally. She's the closest thing she has to a friend.
- Due to the length of their relationship, the Nurse sometimes gets too comfortable and the Old Lady often has to remind her of her place. Though the two are fairly close, social structures are still in place.
- The Old Lady is very aware of the Nurse's affair with Franz, and isn't afraid of the Nurse knowing that. She greatly disapproves of it, but understands that the Nurse is young and has a lot of growing up to do.
- That being said, she truly wants what is best for the Nurse. At the end of the day, she cares very much for the girl and knows that the reverse is true as well.

[← These boots were made for walkin'](#)[More Foreigners →](#)

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- [Self-Critique](#)
- [So many possibilities...](#)
- [97](#)
- [White. A Blank page or canvas](#)
- [Notes 11.5.14](#)

Recent Comments

Archives

- [December 2014](#)
- [November 2014](#)
- [October 2014](#)
- [September 2014](#)

Categories

- [Character Work](#)
- [Music and Lyrics](#)
- [Random Thoughts and Interjections](#)
- [Rehearsal Process](#)
- [Research](#)
- [Visual Research](#)

Meta

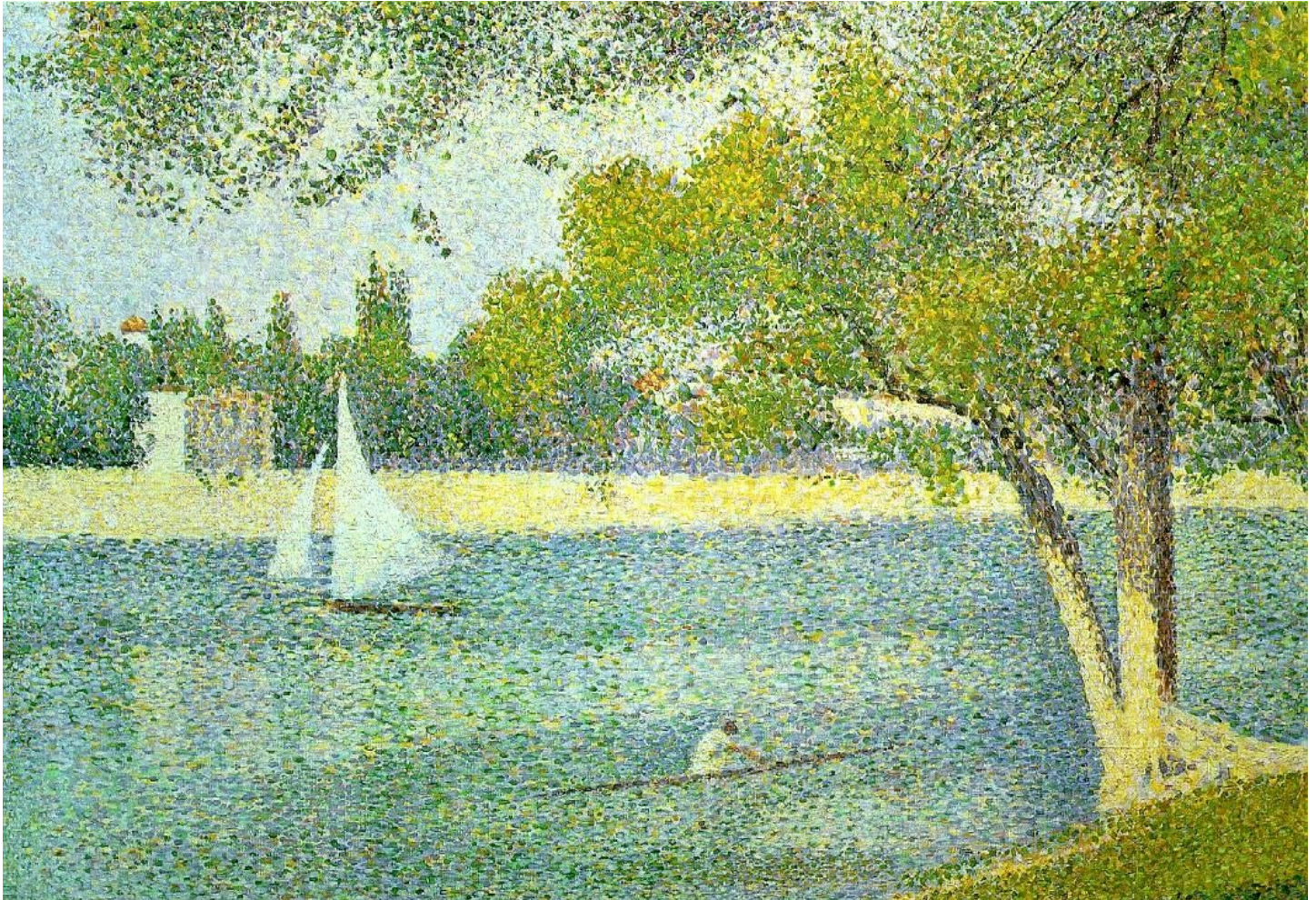
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Where is that tree?



These boots were made for walkin'

by [Tar](#) on October 29, 2014 in [Music and Lyrics](#)

This week we moved out of the rehearsal hall and into Klein. Which means a lot of adjusting!

First things first: walking with a parasol for balance on a flat surface is much different than walking on a rake. A few weeks ago Gregg and I had a rehearsal working on my physicality and talked about why the Old Lady used the parasol to help her walk. We decided it was to help with balance- which looks much different than using it for say, a limp. I've worked it out that my walking pattern as the Old Lady is usually lead with the parasol, take three small steps, move the parasol, three small steps, etc. This was pretty easy on a flat surface. It's a little more complicated with the rake, especially moving straight up. I have to add a little speed when going up the rake in order to go where I need to be. It's coming to me, it's just definitely a new obstacle to overcome. I also need to make sure I stretch more before and after rehearsals. That rake is way more of a work out than it looks. Plus with the added difficult of my physicality being slightly hunched forward-yikes! The corset actually helps with this. Keeps my back straight and all that jazz. Tonight I'm going to get to rehearsal like fifteen minutes and do a full physical warm up and then before bed tonight I'll do a cool down. Revisit the bend over series from voice and body. That should help.

[← Previous Post](#)

[NURSE! →](#)

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Recent Posts

- [Self-Critique](#)
- [So many possibilities...](#)
- [97](#)
- [White. A Blank page or canvas](#)
- [Notes 11.5.14](#)

Recent Comments

Archives

- [December 2014](#)
- [November 2014](#)
- [October 2014](#)
- [September 2014](#)

Categories

- [Character Work](#)
- [Music and Lyrics](#)
- [Random Thoughts and Interjections](#)
- [Rehearsal Process](#)
- [Research](#)
- [Visual Research](#)

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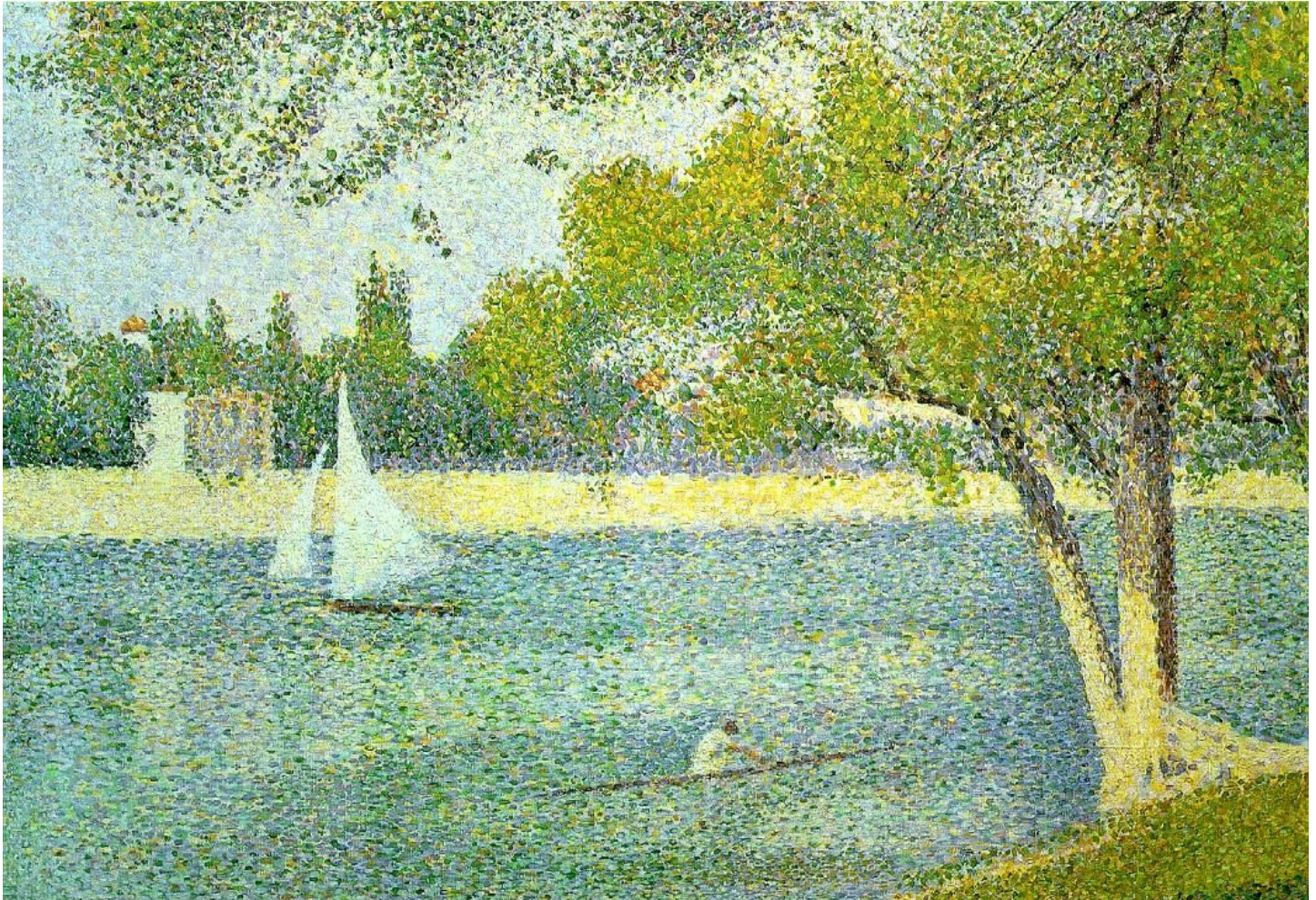
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Where is that tree?



by [Tar](#) on October 29, 2014 in [Random Thoughts and Interjections](#)

So I went to the doctor on Monday since I haven't been feeling quite myself and my tonsils have been swollen and it turns out I might have mono or some other kind of virus. So that's fun. I can sing just fine- my tonsils are just swollen and I go from being really hot to being really cold and am really exhausted. But I'm fighting through. Pumping vitamins, tylenol, water and sleeping whenever I get a chance. I feel better today. I just need to rest. Luckily, my voice is perfectly fine.

When I told Maggie Murphy how I've been feeling she responded, "Well if you're having hot flashes maybe you're just going through phantom menopause because of your character work!" It was very amusing!

[← Some back story](#)

[These boots were made for walkin' →](#)

Recent Posts

- [Self-Critique](#)
- [So many possibilities...](#)
- [97](#)

- [White. A Blank page or canvas](#)
- [Notes 11.5.14](#)

Recent Comments

Archives

- [December 2014](#)
- [November 2014](#)
- [October 2014](#)
- [September 2014](#)

Categories

- [Character Work](#)
- [Music and Lyrics](#)
- [Random Thoughts and Interjections](#)
- [Rehearsal Process](#)
- [Research](#)
- [Visual Research](#)

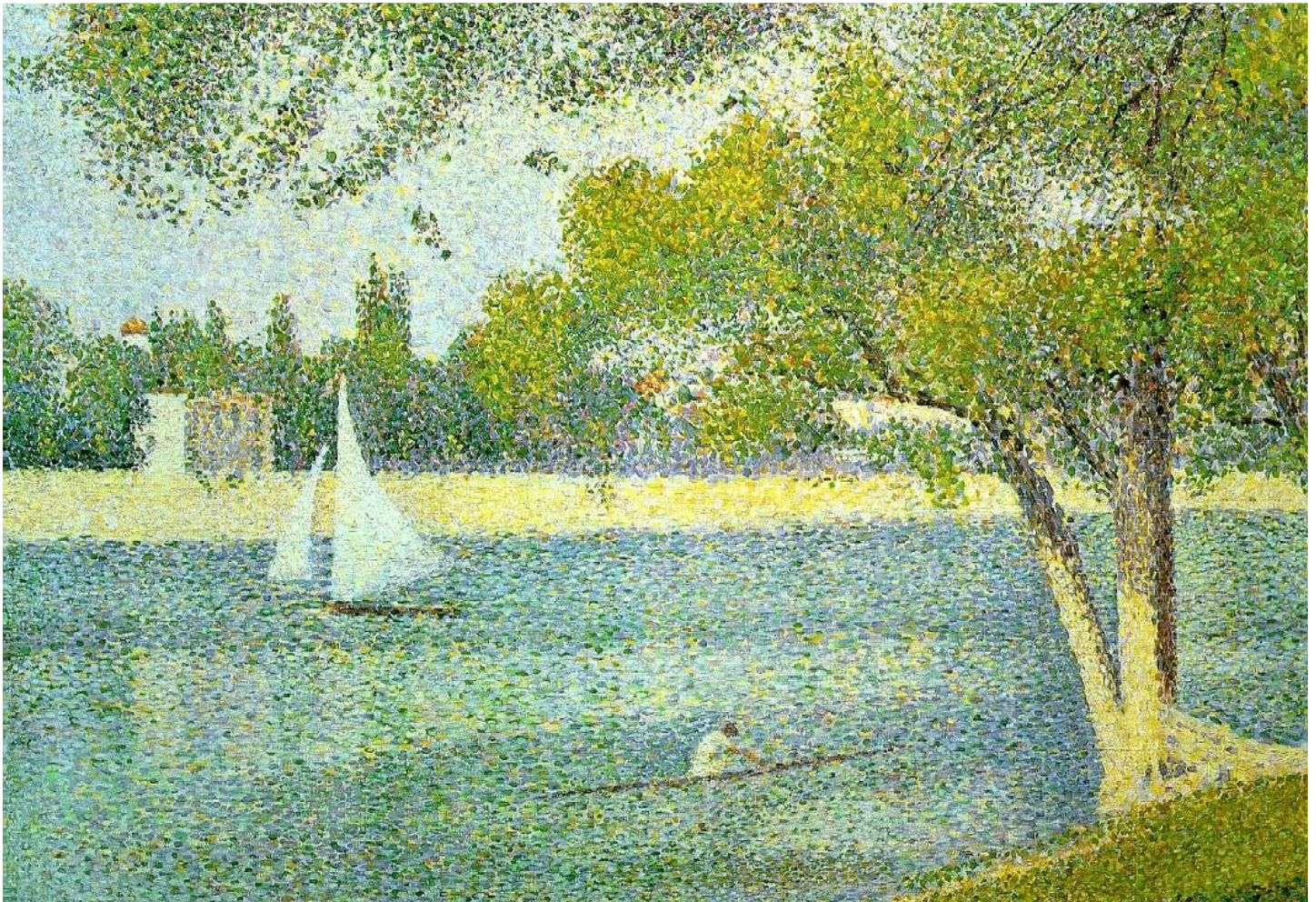
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Where is that tree?



Some back story

by [Tar](#) on October 27, 2014 in [Music and Lyrics](#)

Old Lady:

She was born 1814 to a well-off Parisian Family. Growing up, she enjoyed playing outside and swimming in the Seine. Most of her youth was spent on the Island playing with the other children. She also loved art. She would often see artists sketching and painting on the streets of Paris and on the island. She began sketching in the dirt with sticks and eventually moved up to chalk and paper. She really enjoyed creating the things she saw on paper, but her parents did not allow her to pursue it. As a girl, she had certain responsibilities around the house and going into her teens she needed to pick up a trade in order to find a suitable husband. She was taught to be a seamstress, but she never truly enjoyed it. She wanted to go out and create beautiful things. Her parents found her a husband, a well to do legal official and they were soon married. Do to his job, he wasn't around very often, but he was kind enough. She became very lonely and withdrawn, but found solace in her alone time- being in her own household she could once again draw. When she had George she would draw him pictures and take him to the park to see all the beauty she had seen in her youth. As he grew, she noticed that he too had an interest in art. She vowed to herself that he would be able to have the chance she never had. She encouraged him to go to art school and study under different artists. She was always very proud of George but soon realized George began to obsess over his art. He made it work rather than pleasure. This concerned her, but she knew he was young and he would soon grow out of it. Or so she hoped. As time went on and she got older her memory began to fade. George, focused on his art, hired a Nurse to care for his mother. She was not happy about that. Being very strong willed and stubborn she did not believe she needed someone following her

around, but eventually gave in to George's request. She did not care for the Nurse and at the beginning she would often do things to try to get the Nurse to quit. She would abuse her memory loss, and cause the Nurse to get extremely annoyed- but she never left. She admires the Nurse for this, and learned to respect her and even enjoy her company from time to time- though she wouldn't outright admit this to her of course. She does think of her as a kind of friend- but keeps her in her place. Though she may not remember everything she does have one consistent factor in her life: Every morning she goes to the park to look at her view and feel the light. Some days she recognizes George and greets him, but more often than not she just sees him as another artist like the ones she saw when she was young and admires his work from a far.

Blair:

Blair was born in 1952 in NYC. Her father was an artist and she always looked up to him. When she was young, her father enrolled her in art classes. Sadly, she just didn't have the same knack that her father did. This crushed her. All she wanted was to make her father proud and continue with the family legacy but she just didn't have the talent. As she went into her teens, she still took art classes, hoping maybe she could learn how to be an artist. She was alright, but nothing special. She would spend most of her time going to museums and studying all the great painters. She realized even if she couldn't create she could be knowledgeable. She studied all the techniques and artistic movements inside out. She decided to go to school for Art History at NYU. She received top marks in all of her art history courses, and proved to be quite talented in her writing classes. Her English professor encouraged her to look into the world of critique, combine her interest with what she's good at. She began a critique column in the school's paper and submitted her portfolio of work throughout the city. She got a job as an assistant in a small local arts paper. She began writing small frilly columns, but after seeing her talent, her superiors gave her a shot at writing a full critique. Her career took off and she began writing for several papers. After gaining success, she received a job offer in Chicago and took it enthusiastically. She met George during his first exhibit where he debuted his first Chromolume. She was completely enamored by his work and wrote a glowing review. The two soon became friends and she encouraged his work but once he reached Chromolume #4 she began to doubt his prowess, but being his friend, she stuck with him, hoping that he would find something new soon. By Chromolume #7, she's had enough. She cares about George and wants him to succeed and just has to tell him his work is passe. She believes he needs to find something new, this chromolume gimmick has reached its limit.

[← Sitzprobe](#)

[Next Post →](#)

Recent Posts

- [Self-Critique](#)
- [So many possibilities...](#)
- [97](#)
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- [Notes 11.5.14](#)

Recent Comments

Archives

- [December 2014](#)
- [November 2014](#)
- [October 2014](#)
- [September 2014](#)

Categories

- [Character Work](#)
- [Music and Lyrics](#)
- [Random Thoughts and Interjections](#)

- [Rehearsal Process](#)
- [Research](#)
- [Visual Research](#)

Meta

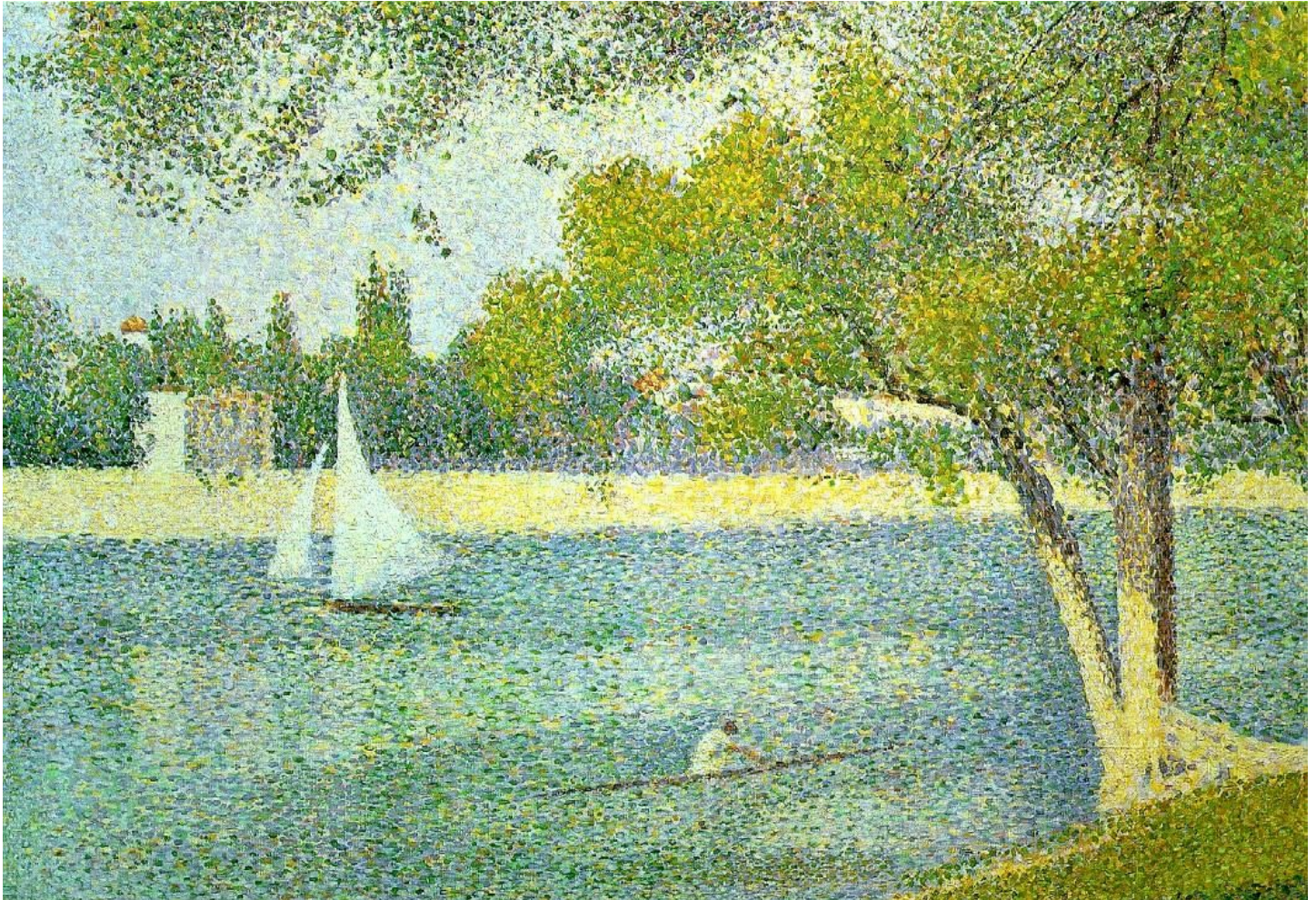
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Where is that tree?



Sitzprobe

by [Tar](#) on October 27, 2014 in [Character Work](#), [Music and Lyrics](#), [Rehearsal Process](#)

Last night we had our sitzprobe, which is always my favorite rehearsal.

I started tearing up in the first few chords. The orchestra sounds so great. I always feel like the sitz is really the moment where everything falls into place. Having the Backstage Pass members there also made it feel a bit more like a performance, which was actually pretty cool. Not only were we experiencing all the feelings that came with the music but so were they- so the whole room was like a big melting pot of emotions. Which was pretty incredible. The entire room would have full emotional shifts between songs and really brought a lot out of the cast. I know it fueled me.

I really feel like "Beautiful" really solidified last night. We fell right into place with the orchestration and it helped me to better understand the song and feel more free to play with dynamics and such to add more color. It just felt very right, if that makes sense. It moved me. I came close to tears (and then eventually did cry. Those first few chords of 'Sunday'. I dare anyone not to tear up) and really understood the world of that song and why it's placed where it is in the show. I never really felt like it fit in with the flow of the act but it melded together nicely. It's all falling into place.

We really put it together.

Puns.

[← The biggest difference between the Old Lady and Tar](#)[Some back story →](#)

Recent Posts

- [Self-Critique](#)
- [So many possibilities...](#)
- [97](#)
- [White. A Blank page or canvas](#)
- [Notes 11.5.14](#)

Recent Comments

Archives

- [December 2014](#)
- [November 2014](#)
- [October 2014](#)
- [September 2014](#)

Categories

- [Character Work](#)
- [Music and Lyrics](#)
- [Random Thoughts and Interjections](#)
- [Rehearsal Process](#)
- [Research](#)
- [Visual Research](#)

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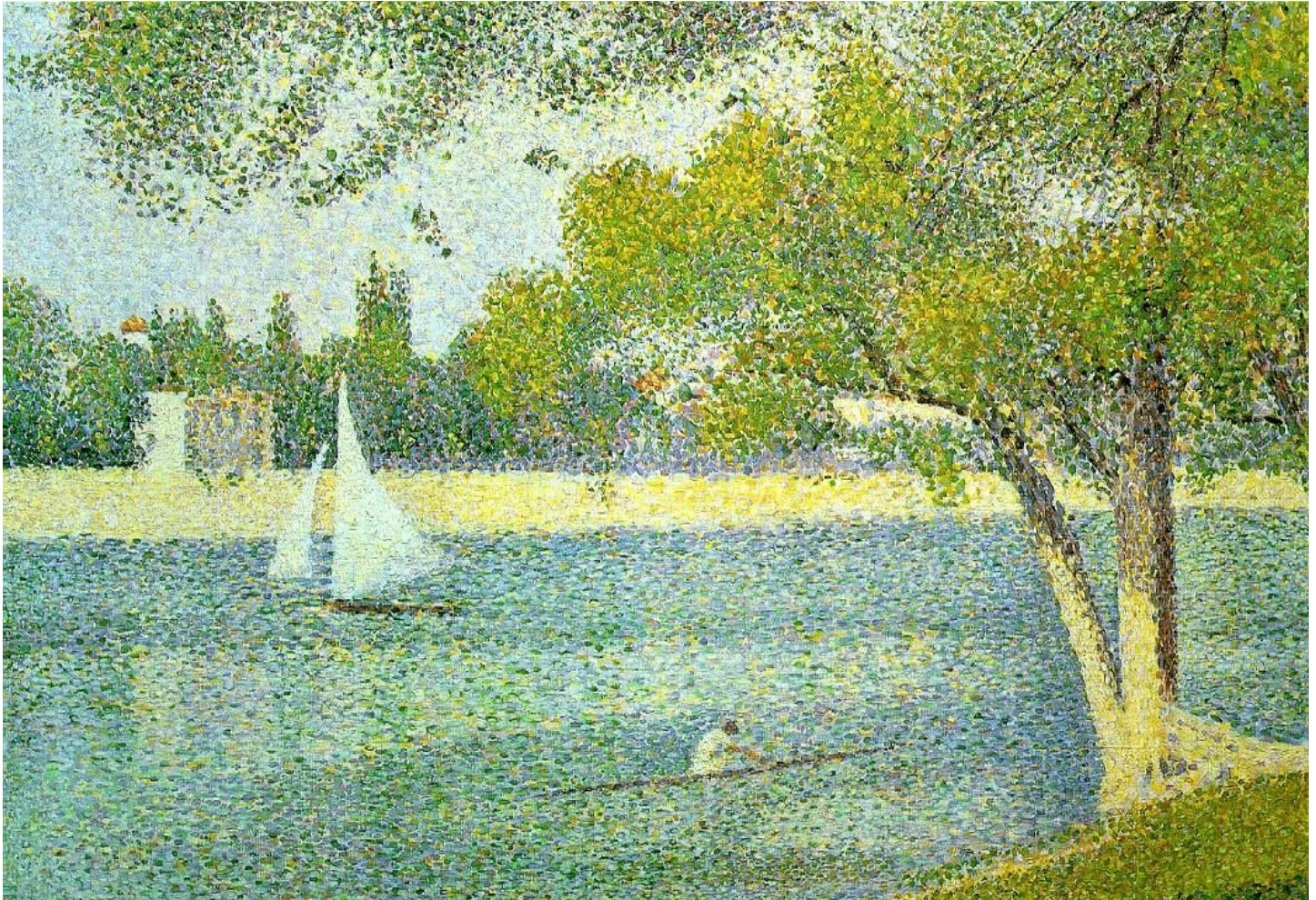
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The biggest difference between the Old Lady and Tar

by [Tar](#) on October 27, 2014 in [Character Work](#), [Rehearsal Process](#)

I smile too much.

Going into this character I took a much more comedic route. She smiled a lot and it was a bit silly. It wasn't sincere. And then I went too mean. And no one likes a truly mean old lady.

This isn't an easy role. By any means. I'm 22 years old and am playing a 72 year old woman. I obviously do not have anywhere close to that much life experience. It's been kind of daunting and I've been pretty hard on myself with not being able to really connect or identify with her on a personal level. There's been a disconnect. Gregg kept telling me how she's wise, she's blunt, and still. She doesn't expend any extra energy because it's already limited due to her age. She doesn't have to watch what she says because she no longer cares what people think of her. She's beyond that point. She is above everyone else in a lot of ways and it alienates her- but she's content with that. She doesn't need a lot of company or superfluous things. She's very simple while being very complex. Whereas I, Taryn, am a complete goof, careful with my words and am always on the move. I really started this process thinking we're totally opposites. It made life pretty difficult. I was thinking about it all wrong. It stressed me out. So I did what any kid would do. I talked to my mama.

Her reaction to all this? She laughed at me. She looked at me and said, "Relax. You're stressed. You're thinking too much. You have all those qualities, you just don't directly associate yourself with them." And of course, mama is always right. At my best, yes, I am a goof and super outgoing, but I'm also the complete opposite. I have points where I am withdrawn and often seem

distant or cold. In fact it's caused me to get into some trouble before. I can get super focused and just say what's on my mind without thinking about how it affects people. These are all traits I tend to push down because they're not the best parts of me. So I re-evaluated that thinking. When I do get like that I never intend any harm- I'm just very straight forward and get things done. I'm task oriented. They just come off as negative traits. And I thought to myself- "Hey. That's her. That's the old lady." She doesn't mean any harm. She just speaks her mind and does what she has to do. It doesn't come from a place of malice or meanness- which I tried doing and it was a terrible choice. She's an observer. She knows the going-ons of everyone around her not because she tries to find out but because she's just always there and they don't pay her any mind. Their drama often just gets in the way of her good time. She just wants to enjoy her park.

She's not mean. She's not cold. She's just misunderstood. Just like her son. She wants to come to the park to feel the light and watch the water. It relaxes her and reminds her of simpler times. Others see her as odd or grouchy but they could really learn a thing or two from her. Sometimes you just have to stop everything, sit down, and enjoy what's around you. My favorite piece of blocking in this show is the chaos scene where my blocking is to simply walk past all the drama and look out over the water and enjoy the view. The juxtaposition is really beautiful.

Back to the smiling. Not a lot makes her smile. But that doesn't mean things don't make her happy. She just doesn't feel the need to always express it. Gregg told me I can find one point to smile in the show. And I know exactly when that will be...

[← The air is rich and full of light](#)

[Sitzprobe →](#)

Recent Posts

- [Self-Critique](#)
- [So many possibilities...](#)
- [97](#)
- [White. A Blank page or canvas](#)
- [Notes 11.5.14](#)

Recent Comments

Archives

- [December 2014](#)
- [November 2014](#)
- [October 2014](#)
- [September 2014](#)

Categories

- [Character Work](#)
- [Music and Lyrics](#)
- [Random Thoughts and Interjections](#)
- [Rehearsal Process](#)
- [Research](#)
- [Visual Research](#)

Meta

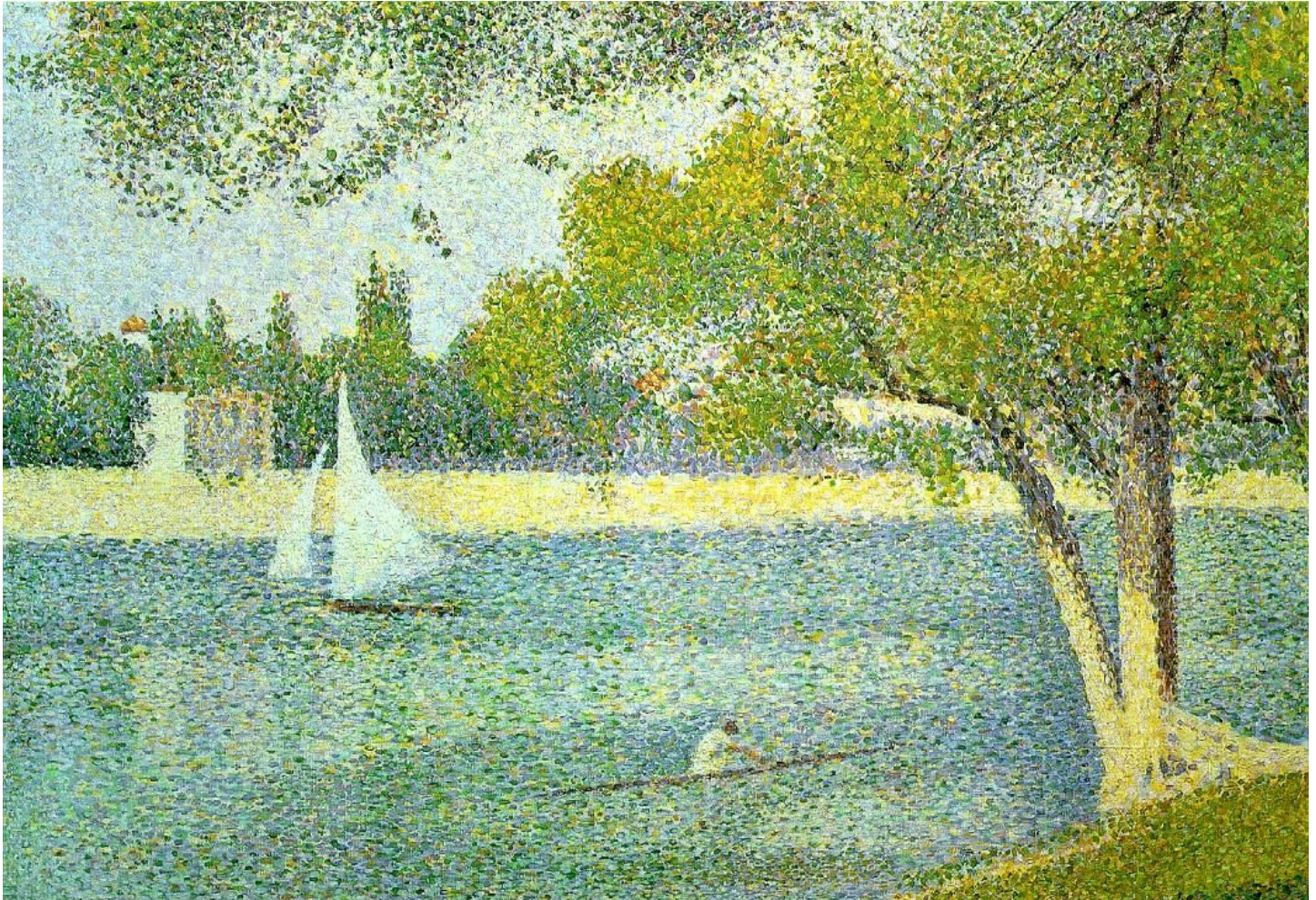
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- [Log in](#)
- [Entries RSS](#)
- [Comments RSS](#)
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Where is that tree?



The air is rich and full of light

by [Tar](#) on October 27, 2014 in [Character Work](#), [Rehearsal Process](#)

So I've been doing a lot of thinking about the final scene in which all of the characters from Act 1 come back to help inspire George. Until this point, I hadn't really thought about what my entrance was really about- where I was coming from and such. I just thought I was appearing as part of this vision. A pretty weak choice. Then Gregg asked me- do I expect to see George when I walk into the park? And it all made sense.

We might be just an illusion/inspiration that George has imagined, but for us it's just another day in the park. The Old Lady has come to the park to sit under her tree and feel the light. Had she not seen George when she first walked in she more than likely would have said "Where is that tree? NURSE!" But she does see George- whom she hasn't seen in a long while, and it changes her world completely. She's definitely been waiting for George in this alternate universe and has missed him for so long. She doesn't expect him to be there, though she's hoped for such a long time and finally there he is. At the start of this process this whole ending scene always felt a bit strange to me. I can't really describe why- it just didn't feel real. I think that came through. Gregg keeps telling me to "find the light" and how the Old Lady comes to the park to "feel the light". It's all about the light. He told me that on George's line, "but the air is rich and full of light." To look out at the water and feel the light before delivering my last line.

Admittedly, I thought this was odd. But hey, don't knock it till you try it. So we went through the scene again with that in mind and when I got to my line and looked out I started to get choked up. I felt pure joy and pride as I said the word "good". I definitely did not anticipate having such a cathartic reaction. It also led to me trying not to cry throughout the finale but that will more than likely happen anyway. The ending is so beautiful not to cry.

But I finally get why I'm part of George's vision. In the first act I'm trying to teach him that the world is what he makes it and he's the only one who can change his life. Second act George is in a similar position to first act George, and can no longer find a grasp on his art or his life. The Old Lady is so happy to finally see him, but once he starts describing the island as dull she loses hope. My inner monologue at this point is, "Oh no, he still doesn't get it. After all this time he still doesn't see-" but once he says something about the air all her faith is restored. He finally gets it. That even in the darkest of times you can still find the light and keep moving forward. It took a hundred years for him to see, but better late than never.

The amount of pride I feel when he says those words is astounding. I have such an emotional attachment to George, and to Austin. Both the actor and character have grown so much and I couldn't be prouder.

[← Previous Post](#)[The biggest difference between the Old Lady and Tar →](#)

Recent Posts

- [Self-Critique](#)
- [So many possibilities...](#)
- [97](#)
- [White. A Blank page or canvas](#)
- [Notes 11.5.14](#)

Recent Comments

Archives

- [December 2014](#)
- [November 2014](#)
- [October 2014](#)
- [September 2014](#)

Categories

- [Character Work](#)
- [Music and Lyrics](#)
- [Random Thoughts and Interjections](#)
- [Rehearsal Process](#)
- [Research](#)
- [Visual Research](#)

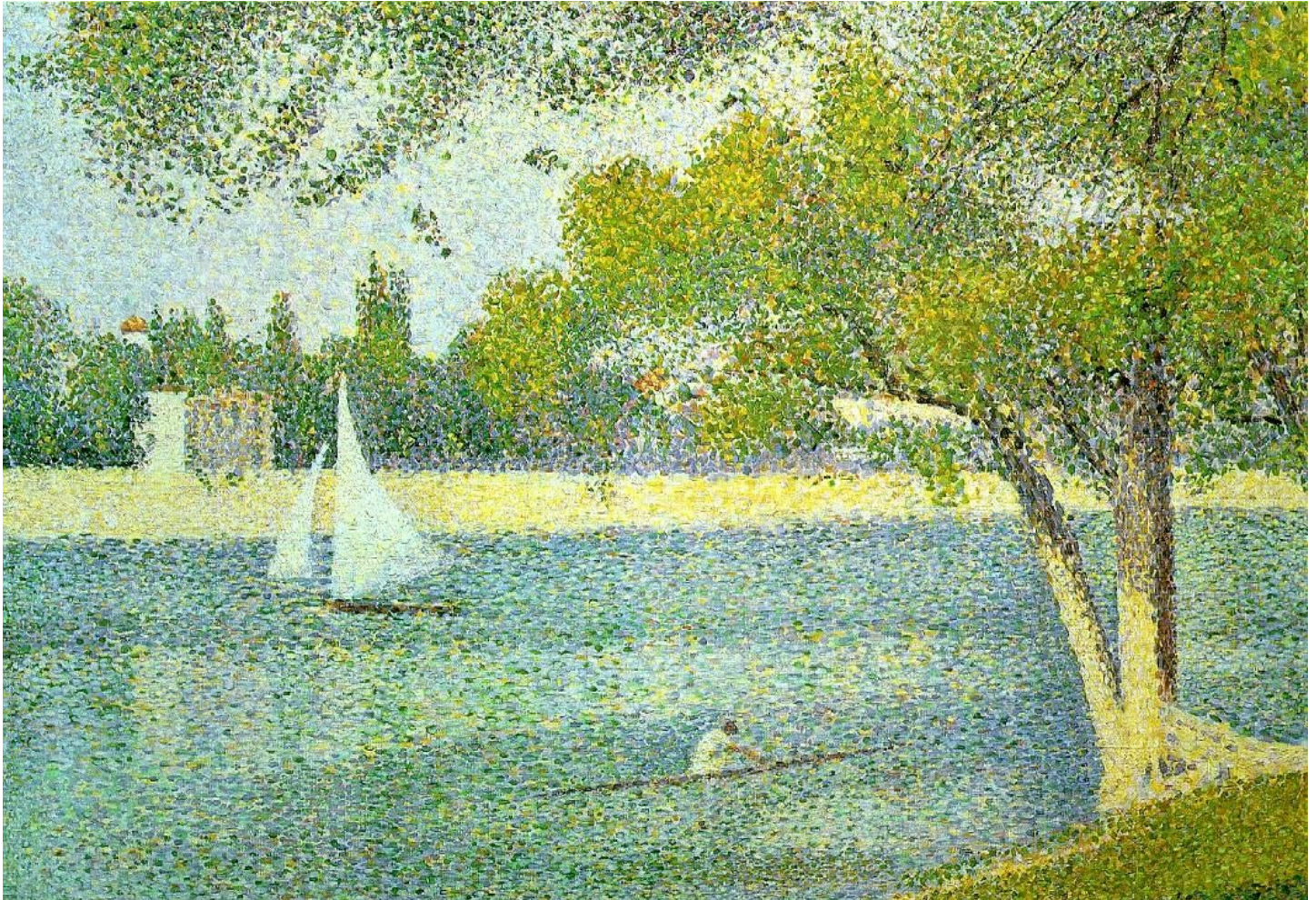
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- [Comments RSS](#)
- [WordPress.org](#)



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Where is that tree?



by [Tar](#) on October 2, 2014 in [Character Work](#)

Here's what I've come up with so far with some of the tricks I learned from Cate's acting class. I'm missing a few and may have added some, but I'll keep coming back to this as I make progress. Left: Old Lady, Right: Blair.

Animal: Owl/Ocelot

Drink: Tea with lemon/ Martini

Food: Lemon cakes/ Cranberries and brie

Season: Fall/Summer

Plant: Sunflower/Rose

Scent: Rose/Cinnamon

Building: Windmill/Chrysler Building

Transport: Walk/Metro

Element: Earth/Fire

Chakra: Root/Hips

[← Some French History](#)[The air is rich and full of light →](#)

Recent Posts

- [Self-Critique](#)
- [So many possibilities...](#)
- [97](#)
- [White. A Blank page or canvas](#)
- [Notes 11.5.14](#)

Recent Comments

Archives

- [December 2014](#)
- [November 2014](#)
- [October 2014](#)
- [September 2014](#)

Categories

- [Character Work](#)
- [Music and Lyrics](#)
- [Random Thoughts and Interjections](#)
- [Rehearsal Process](#)
- [Research](#)
- [Visual Research](#)

Meta

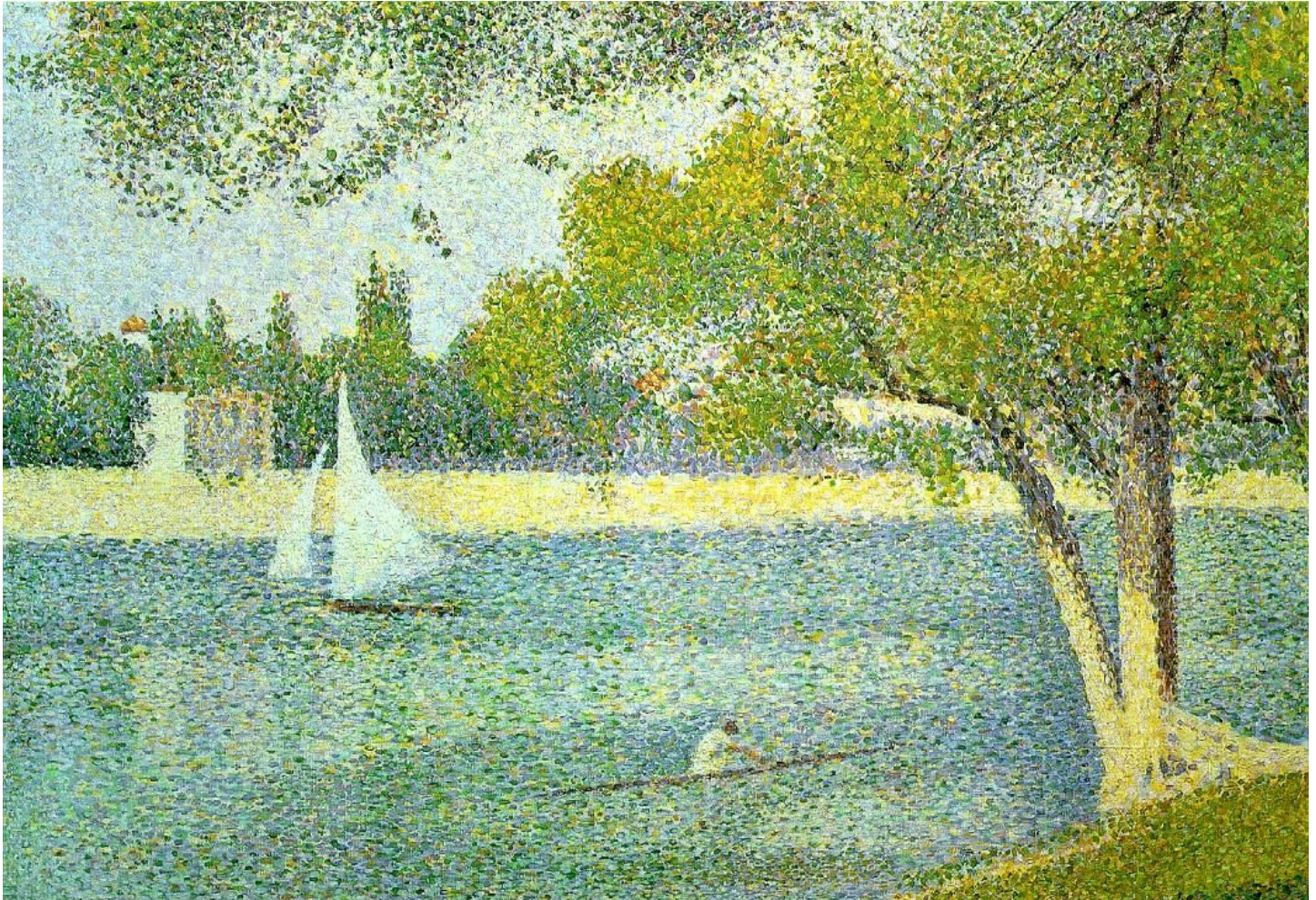
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Some French History

by [Tar](#) on October 2, 2014 in [Character Work](#), [Research](#)

France during 19th Century:

<http://www.localhistories.org/france.html>

http://faculty.ucc.edu/egh-damerow/new_page_2.htm

<http://classroom.synonym.com/kind-government-did-france-during-1800s-17448.html>

Women in 19th Century France:

<http://www.uky.edu/~popkin/frenchworker/grear.htm>

Philosophy of 19th Century France:

<http://www.fsmitha.com/h3/h45-ph.html>

[← Another piece on neo-expressionism...](#)

[Next Post →](#)

Recent Posts

- [Self-Critique](#)
- [So many possibilities...](#)
- [97](#)
- [White. A Blank page or canvas](#)
- [Notes 11.5.14](#)

Recent Comments

Archives

- [December 2014](#)
- [November 2014](#)
- [October 2014](#)
- [September 2014](#)

Categories

- [Character Work](#)
- [Music and Lyrics](#)
- [Random Thoughts and Interjections](#)
- [Rehearsal Process](#)
- [Research](#)
- [Visual Research](#)

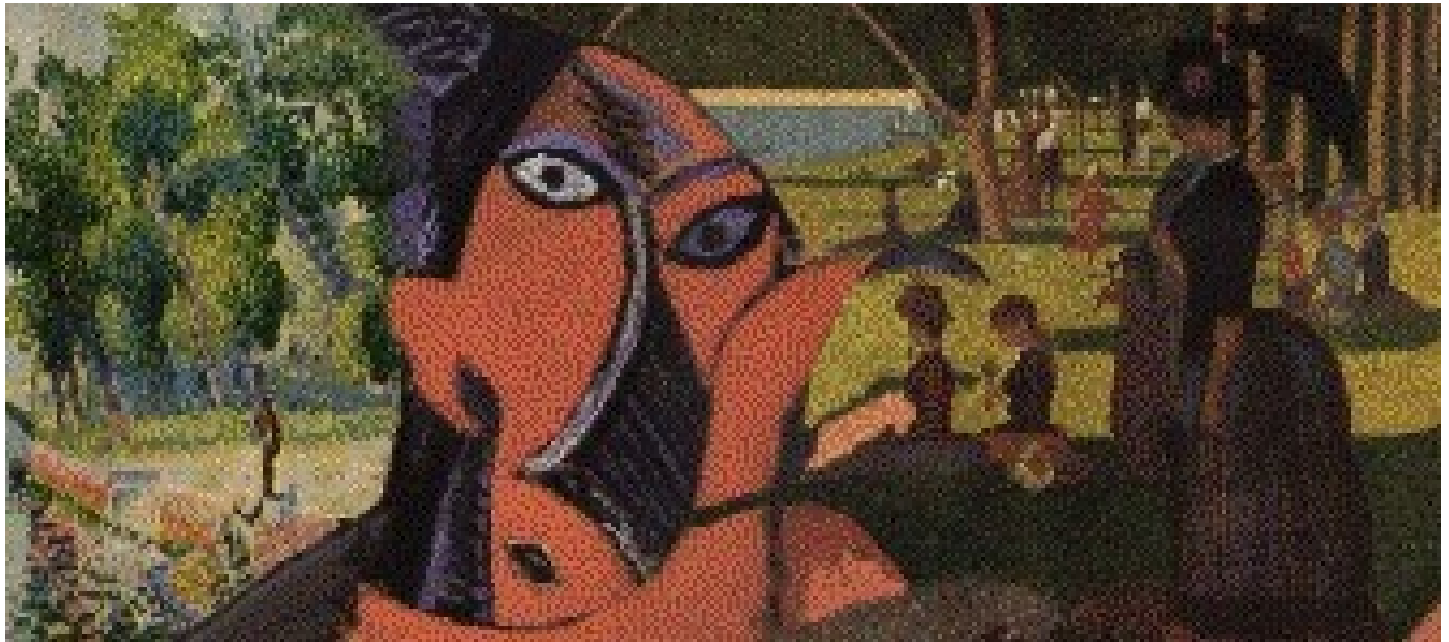
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- [Comments RSS](#)
- [WordPress.org](#)

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Another piece on neo-expressionism...

by [Tar](#) on October 2, 2014 in [Character Work](#), [Research](#)

So yesterday we were blocking "Putting It Together" when Gregg asked me who Blair reflected from the first act. At first I didn't understand what he was asking, and then he asked it again and it hit me. Blair is the modern version of Jules. She's George's friend and artistic peer and though she wants him to succeed, she doesn't understand why he's going in the direction he is. Cue lightbulb flashing.

Blair is also very much one of those people who always wanted to be an artist, but didn't possess the talent for it. So she lives vicariously through artists by critiquing their work. She went to college for visual art but soon realized her talent was in the appreciation of art rather than the creation of it.

Key things about Blair:

- When Blair is in the room, she truly believes she is the most important person in the room
- Speaks slowly and precise: everything she has to say is the most important thing that needs to be said, even if she knows it's bullshit.
- She very much envies George and his work. Although she may not completely understand it, she knows he has talent and the ability to go far.
- By the time she enters "Putting It Together" she's already had about three drinks. She loves these kind of events. Schmoozing is one of Blair's favorite pastimes as it inflates her ego even more. She likes to kick back and have a few drinks and truly enjoy herself.
- She walks with a purpose and then some. Much like with her speaking, she commands attention.

Reading the script I had no idea what the neo-expressionism movement in art was. Hence, research:

<http://www.infoplease.com/encyclopedia/entertainment/neoexpressionism.html>

<http://www.artmovements.co.uk/neoexpressionism.htm>

<http://www.theartstory.org/movement-neo-expressionism.htm>

“ Among these were: a rejection of traditional standards of **composition** and **design**; an ambivalent and often brittle emotional tone that reflected contemporary urban life and values; a general lack of concern for pictorial idealization; the use of vivid but jarringly banal **colour harmonies**; and a simultaneously tense and playful presentation of objects in a primitivist manner that communicates a sense of inner disturbance, **tension**, alienation, and ambiguity ”

“The Neo-Expressionist artists treated their subjects in an almost raw and brutish manner, newly resurrecting in their frequently **large-scale works**, the highly textural and expressive **brushwork** and **intense colors** that had been so recently rejected by major preceding art movements.”

Interesting. Many of the key factors of Neo-expressionism can also be found in Seurat's painting. Blair is tired of this artistic movement, much like Jules couldn't understand Seurat's approach. It's the same thing all over again, a hundred years later.

Another interesting thing is that yesterday Gregg spoke to us about how in Act 1 all we see George do is create art, whereas Act 2 George is never seen making art. Instead, he's making money in order to create art. I then found this quote about neo-expressionism:

“Because the work of the Neo-Expressionist artists was so closely linked to buying, selling, and the commercial system of art with its galleries, critics, and media hype (typical of the Reagan era in the United States), some in the field began to question its authenticity as art that was as purely motivated as was, say, that of the **Abstract Expressionists**. Thus its popularity was also the seed of its demise”

Just an interesting little tidbit. It's all about the money.

And I found this neo-expressionist work. It amused me.

[← Pretty is what changes](#)

[Some French History →](#)

Recent Posts

- [Self-Critique](#)
- [So many possibilities...](#)
- [97](#)
- [White. A Blank page or canvas](#)
- [Notes 11.5.14](#)

Recent Comments

Archives

- [December 2014](#)
- [November 2014](#)
- [October 2014](#)
- [September 2014](#)

Categories

- [Character Work](#)
- [Music and Lyrics](#)
- [Random Thoughts and Interjections](#)
- [Rehearsal Process](#)
- [Research](#)
- [Visual Research](#)

Meta

- [Register](#)
- [Log in](#)
- [Entries RSS](#)

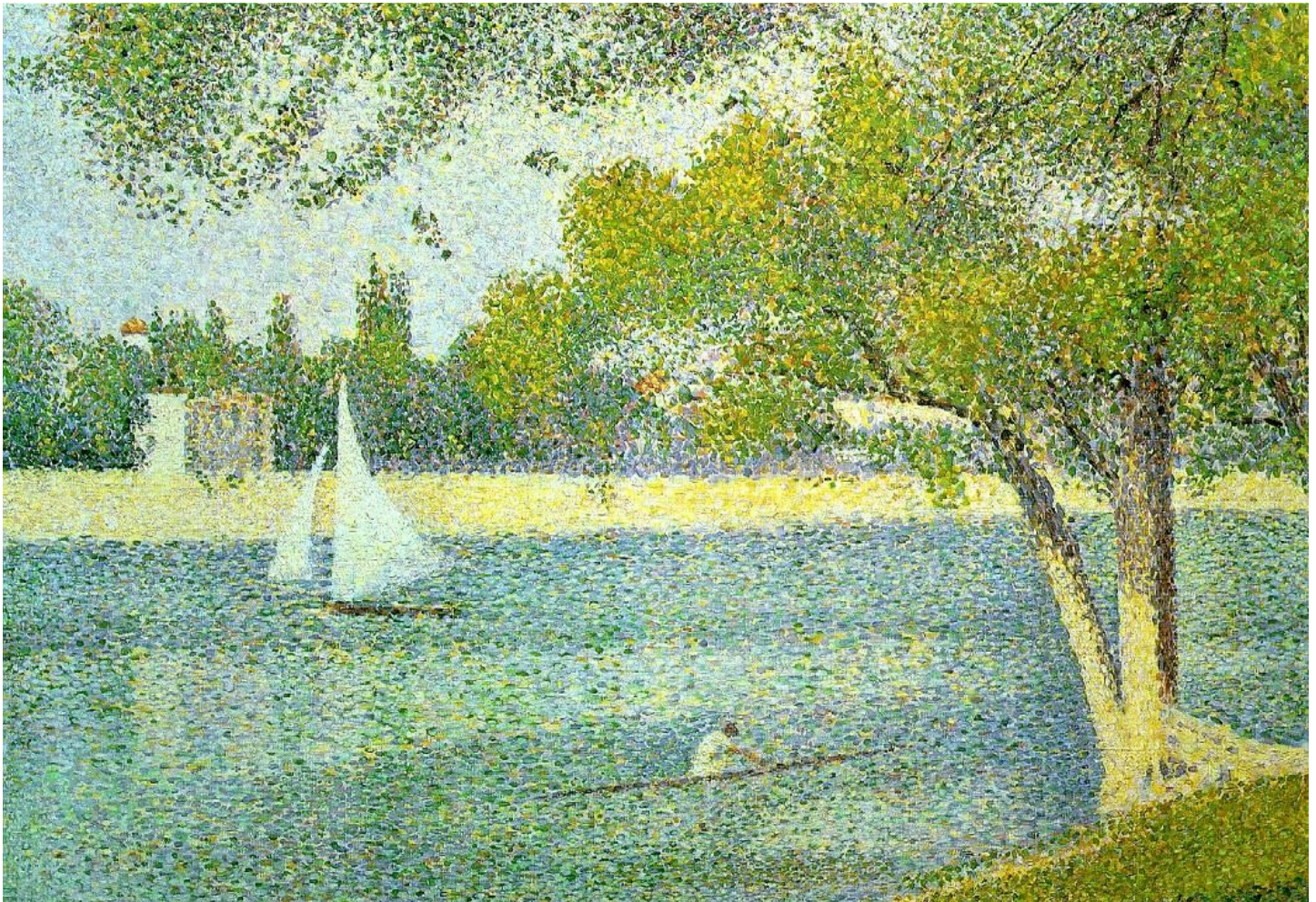
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Pretty is what changes

by [Tar](#) on September 22, 2014 in [Character Work](#), [Music and Lyrics](#), [Rehearsal Process](#)

While staging "Beautiful" Gregg and I discussed the true meaning of the song.

Outwardly, it's about art. But deeper than that it's a metaphor about life.

Gregg made it very clear to me that the Old Lady isn't mean or non invitational. She's wise and to herself. She's dependent on the nurse out of necessity, never malice. Whereas everyone else in the show is very fast paced and confrontational she's very still and all my actions should reflect that. Her years give her an advantage over everyone else. She knows the most about life and understands that at the end of the day, life is what you make it. And what does she do with this knowledge?

She goes to the park every Sunday to look at the view and enjoy the light. It's so simple. She goes there to get away from her troubles and just relax and take it all in. To be at one with herself and with nature.

I think this is something she's done all her life, ever since she was young. In her youth she would come out to the island to play with the other children and swim in the river. As she grew older she would take strolls with her husband, and eventually take George and his siblings to the park to play. The park has always remained a constant in her life. It reminds her of her youth and plays an important part when thinking about the future. The park has always been there and it always will be, in some fashion, even after she's gone. Life continuously goes on and you can accept it or you can make it what you want it to be. You can get caught up with trivial nonsense or you can take the time to enjoy simply living. She's lived long enough to know what really matters in this world. She knows that sometimes you just need to sit in the sun and watch the boats sail by. She

knows things are constantly changing. She's changing and while it frightens her, she accepts it. Life is made up of moments and it's up to you to do with them as you please. This is what she wants George to realize. In a lot of ways "Beautiful" is Act One's version of "Move On". She wants George to look at his life and realize he can make it into anything he wants, he just needs to learn to let go and move on.

[← Sunday in the Park](#)[Another piece on neo-expressionism... →](#)

Recent Posts

- [Self-Critique](#)
- [So many possibilities...](#)
- [97](#)
- [White. A Blank page or canvas](#)
- [Notes 11.5.14](#)

Recent Comments

Archives

- [December 2014](#)
- [November 2014](#)
- [October 2014](#)
- [September 2014](#)

Categories

- [Character Work](#)
- [Music and Lyrics](#)
- [Random Thoughts and Interjections](#)
- [Rehearsal Process](#)
- [Research](#)
- [Visual Research](#)

Meta

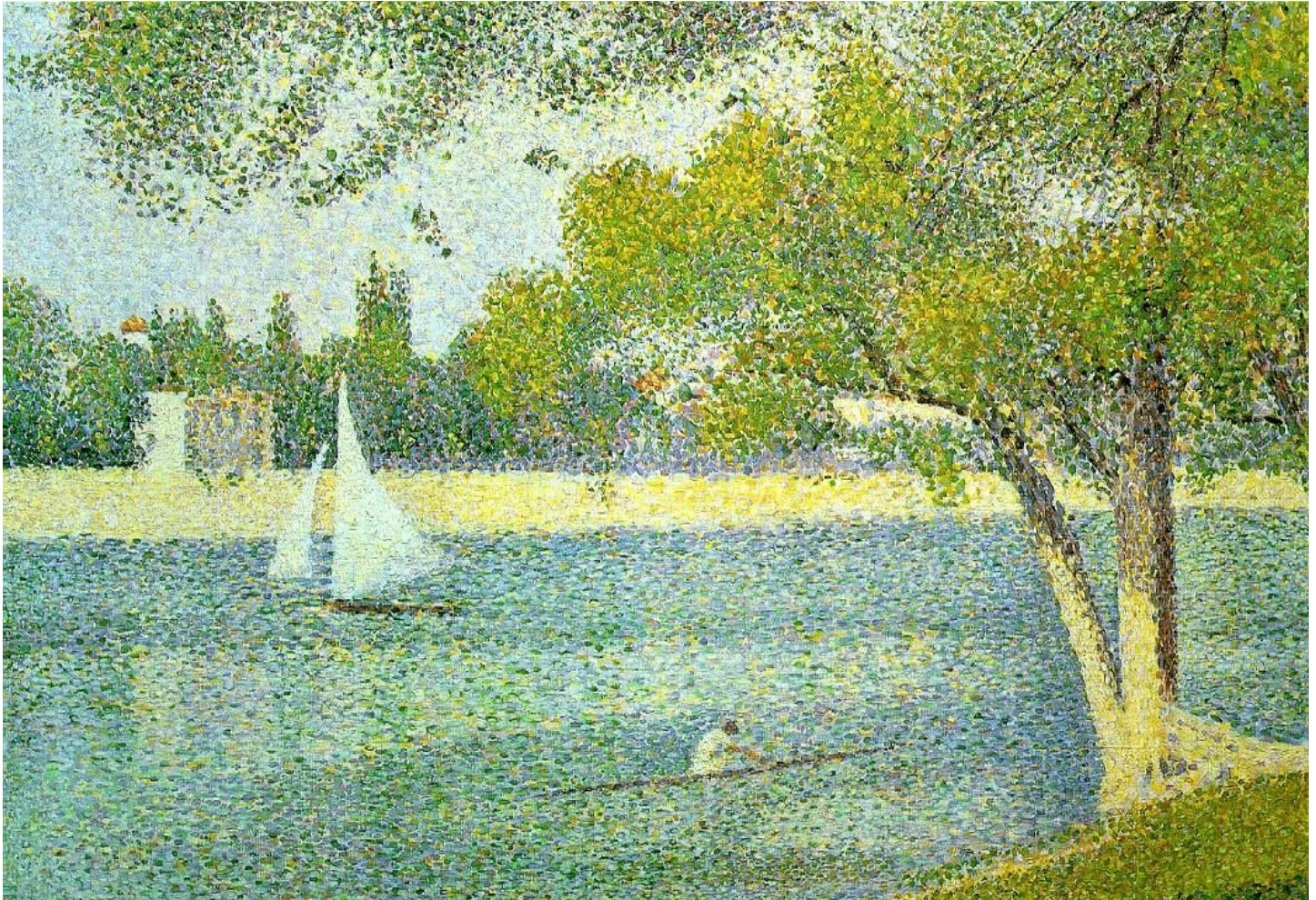
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Sunday in the Park

by [Tar](#) on September 22, 2014 in [Character Work](#), [Random Thoughts and Interjections](#)

This weekend I'm planning on waking up early before rehearsal and going down to the river/Kenmore park to do some observing and thoughtful reflection.

The Old Lady goes to the park every Sunday to just breathe in the view and feel the light. There's such serenity in that. She takes the time to slow down everything and just be at peace with herself and her surroundings.

Meanwhile if I find time to sit down for ten minutes that's a good day.

I think it'll be a great character exercise as well as a good way for me to relax personally. I need to make this connection with the Old Lady. Find the stillness and solitude and the beauty in that. Especially since my own life is so fast paced.

Maybe I'll even bring a sketch book and let out my inner Seurat. Because let's face it, George definitely got his artistic ability from his mama.

Updates to follow!

[← Painting Position](#)[Pretty is what changes →](#)

Recent Posts

- [Self-Critique](#)
- [So many possibilities...](#)
- [97](#)
- [White. A Blank page or canvas](#)
- [Notes 11.5.14](#)

Recent Comments

Archives

- [December 2014](#)
- [November 2014](#)
- [October 2014](#)
- [September 2014](#)

Categories

- [Character Work](#)
- [Music and Lyrics](#)
- [Random Thoughts and Interjections](#)
- [Rehearsal Process](#)
- [Research](#)
- [Visual Research](#)

Meta

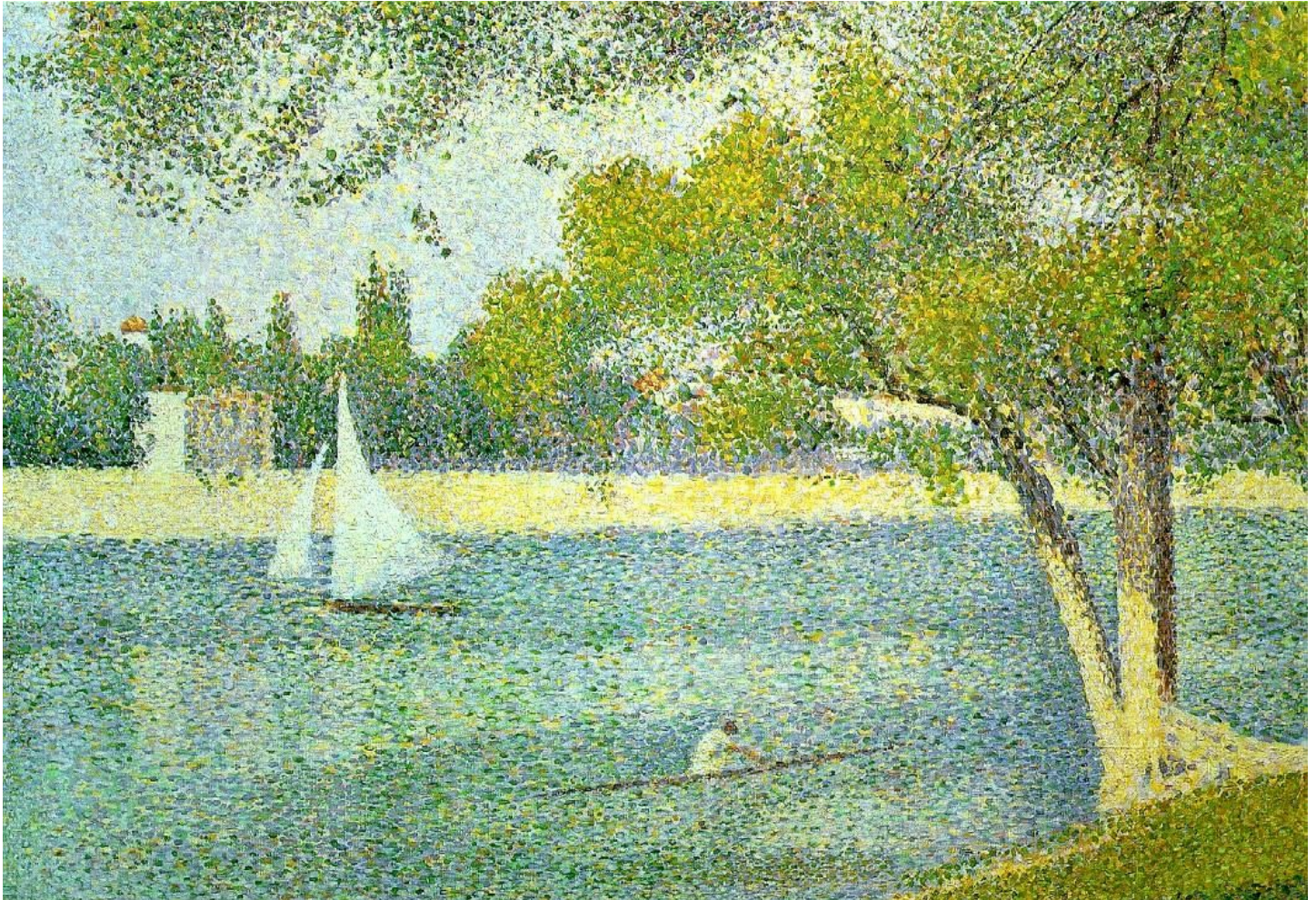
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Where is that tree?



Painting Position

by [Tar](#) on September 22, 2014 in [Character Work](#), [Rehearsal Process](#), [Visual Research](#)



From observing this, I can see that the back and shoulders are more rounded over. Slightly hunched. Arms are crossed in front of the body, is the upstage hand holding the parasol pointed straight up over the head. The head and eyes are facing straight out, into the water. This is going to help me a good deal with my physicality as the Old Lady. It's also a huge switch from my

standard body position. I generally have very good posture and stand and sit straight up. With this role I need to curve my shoulders and back without hurting myself. Definitely need to review some voice and body techniques. It's an exaggerated C-curve. I'll start practicing sitting like this and move into the movement.

Yesterday I went to Giant and observed some older people walking. I need to do more observation like this...

[← Finding a Voice](#)

[Sunday in the Park →](#)

Recent Posts

- [Self-Critique](#)
- [So many possibilities...](#)
- [97](#)
- [White. A Blank page or canvas](#)
- [Notes 11.5.14](#)

Recent Comments

Archives

- [December 2014](#)
- [November 2014](#)
- [October 2014](#)
- [September 2014](#)

Categories

- [Character Work](#)
- [Music and Lyrics](#)
- [Random Thoughts and Interjections](#)
- [Rehearsal Process](#)
- [Research](#)
- [Visual Research](#)

Meta

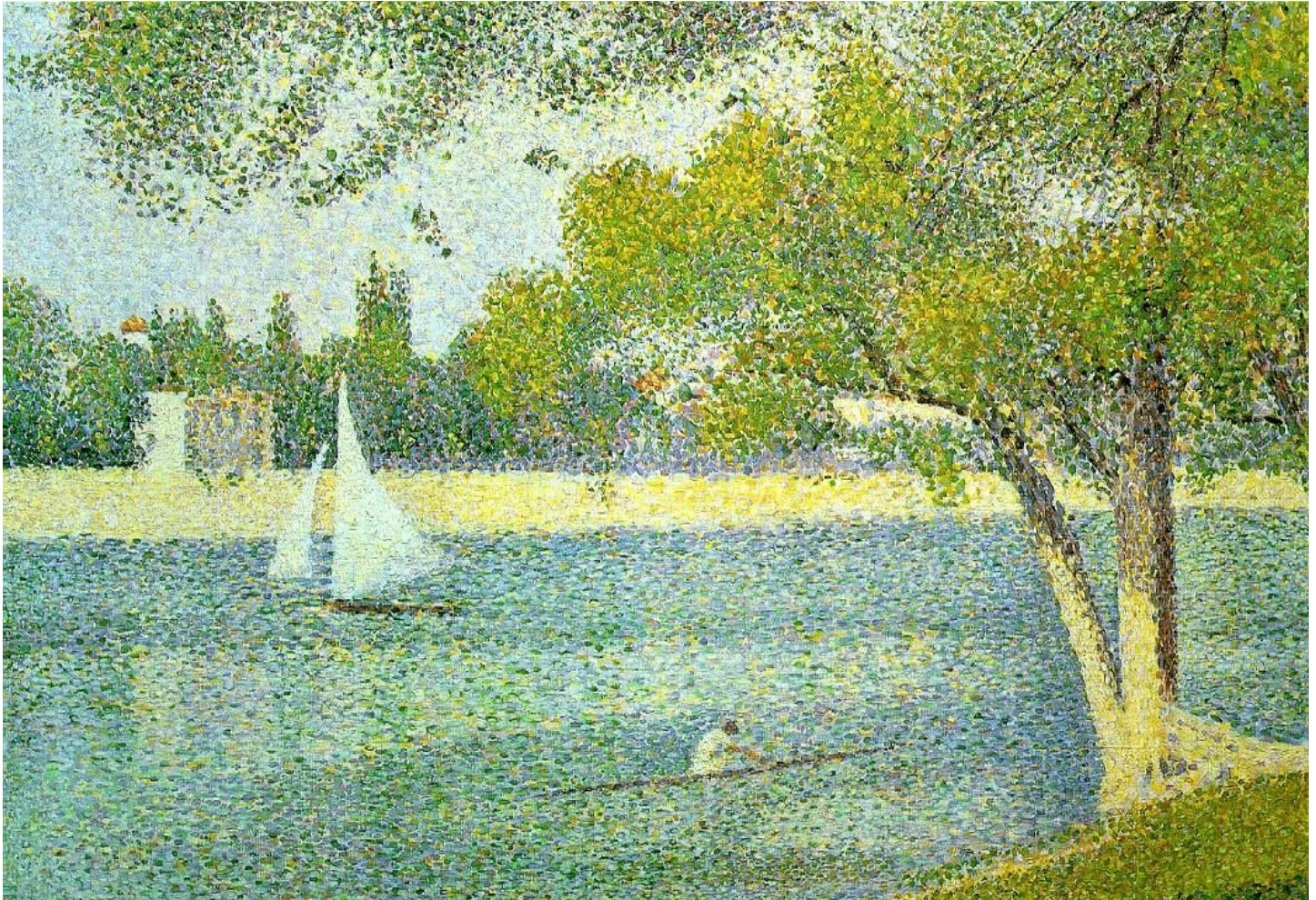
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Where is that tree?



Finding a Voice

by [Tar](#) on September 22, 2014 in [Character Work](#), [Rehearsal Process](#)

One of the first things that really helps me to create a character is finding their voice. This was a big thing for me during Spring Awakening- the different voices were the kicking off points to finding each woman's individual character. Usually the voices come pretty easy to me...

Old Lady is not. With this part is the added challenge of conveying age...a significantly higher age than anything I've ever done before. Gregg and I spoke during blocking for "Beautiful" yesterday and we figured out that she's around seventy years old and that needs to be illustrated through physical and vocal means.

It's pretty slow going with finding her voice...which is to be expected as it's something I've never done before. I'm planning on contacting Helen once Doubt opens and she has some more free time to perhaps go through some different vocal tactics.

What I'm mostly concerned about is finding that frailty that older voices have without causing any harm to my vocal chords. I could easily do a gravely, huskier voice but my voice would be completely shot. I just need to keep working with it to make sure I find a safe way of aging it.

I know for sure it's going to be a lower voice than I normally speak with as maturity is often reflected through a lower tone. I'm also trying to do what I did with Spring Awakening for Wendla and Melchoir's moms. I studied both Nick McGovern and

Chelsea Raitor's vocal patterns and inflections and colored my own vocal patterns with theirs. I think it added a nice touch of familiarity, as I know with my family we all speak in a very similar way. So lately I've been trying to pick up Austin's vocal variety so I can incorporate it into my own. It'll take a while to get down, but I really do think it adds a great connection between related characters.

Whereas I'm having difficulty with the Old Lady's voice, I think I have a pretty good understanding of Blair's. This is more than likely do to the fact that we're much closer in age, as I see Blair in her early thirties. I found her voice during the first sing thru we had. It's lower than my own. She very much tastes each sound of words- a whole lot of consonant energy. She's a very proud and strong woman, and her voice reflects that. She commands attention when she speaks, not through volume but by savoring each sound when it's made. Her speech pattern will be faster than the Old Lady's, but still not all that quick. A moderate speed I suppose. I've been trying to start thinking about animals that would accurately describe both characters and I definitely think of Blair of some kind of wild cat. So her speech is almost like a purr, but it can instill a great amount of unease depending on the situation. Her movement will be very feline as well...smooth and calculated. I just need to keep playing with it.

[← The View From Here](#)

[Painting Position →](#)

Recent Posts

- [Self-Critique](#)
- [So many possibilities...](#)
- [97](#)
- [White. A Blank page or canvas](#)
- [Notes 11.5.14](#)

Recent Comments

Archives

- [December 2014](#)
- [November 2014](#)
- [October 2014](#)
- [September 2014](#)

Categories

- [Character Work](#)
- [Music and Lyrics](#)
- [Random Thoughts and Interjections](#)
- [Rehearsal Process](#)
- [Research](#)
- [Visual Research](#)

Meta

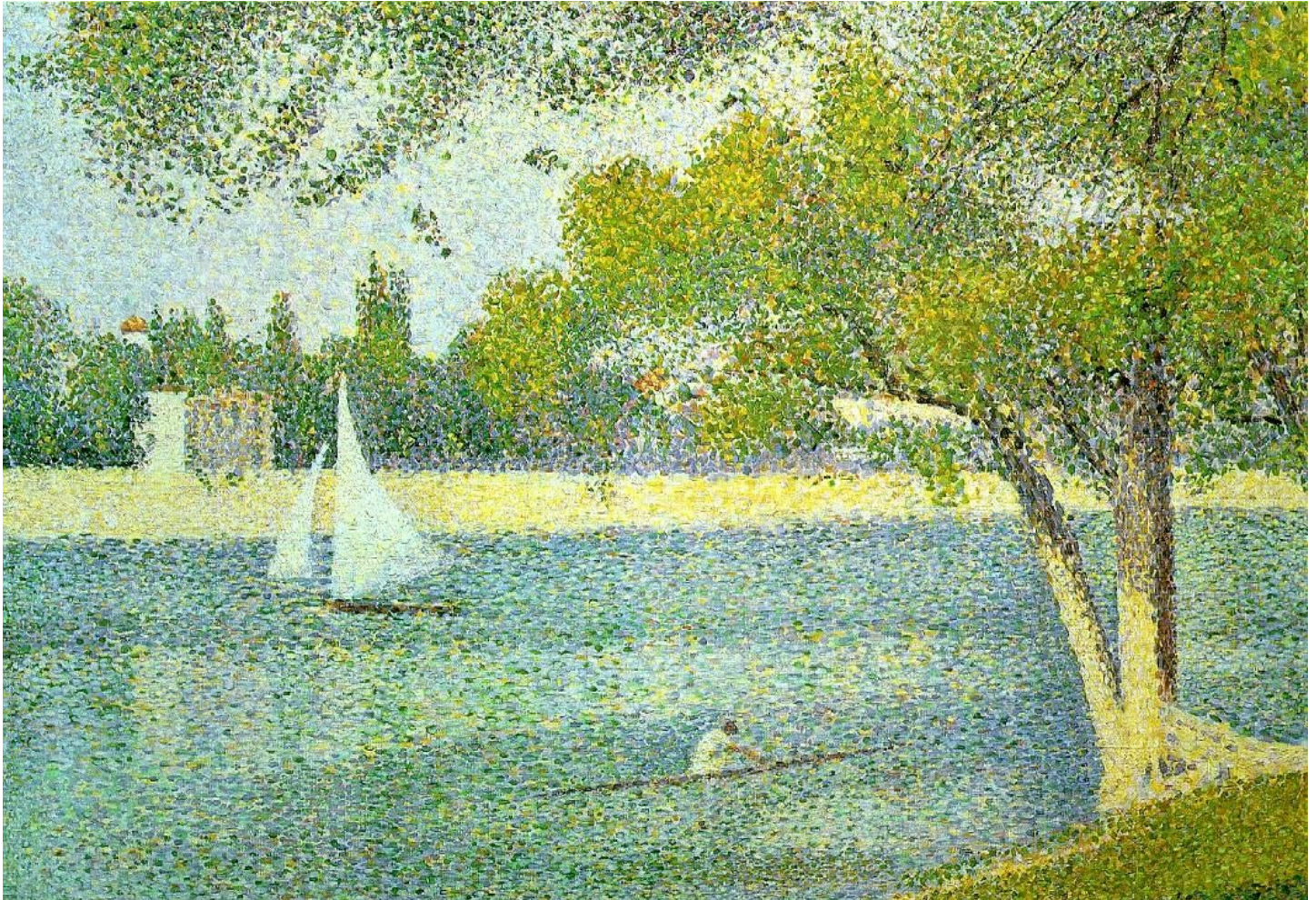
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- [Comments RSS](#)
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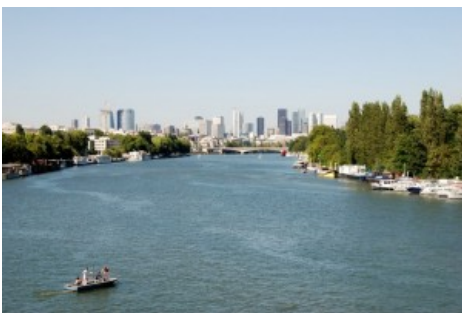
Where is that tree?



The View From Here

by [Tar](#) on September 21, 2014 in [Research](#), [Visual Research](#)







Varying pictures of the Seine and the Island of the Grande Jatte nowadays. Gregg said something to me today that really stuck about how the Old Lady comes out to the Island not only to see the view but for the light. To feel it and see it change. Which is where George gets his appreciate from. So I'm trying to build this view that I see in the show. From the above photos I can get a feel for the light and it's beautiful but the modern buildings and such kinda throw it for a loop, so I went ahead and found some other artists paintings (Van Gogh, Monet) of the Island of the Siene.





With both types of visuals I can get a much better grasp of what the view must have looked like. And it's just plain beautiful.

[← L'art de Francais](#)

[Finding a Voice →](#)

Recent Posts

- [Self-Critique](#)
- [So many possibilities...](#)
- [97](#)
- [White. A Blank page or canvas](#)
- [Notes 11.5.14](#)

Recent Comments

Archives

- [December 2014](#)
- [November 2014](#)
- [October 2014](#)
- [September 2014](#)

Categories

- [Character Work](#)
- [Music and Lyrics](#)
- [Random Thoughts and Interjections](#)
- [Rehearsal Process](#)
- [Research](#)
- [Visual Research](#)

Meta

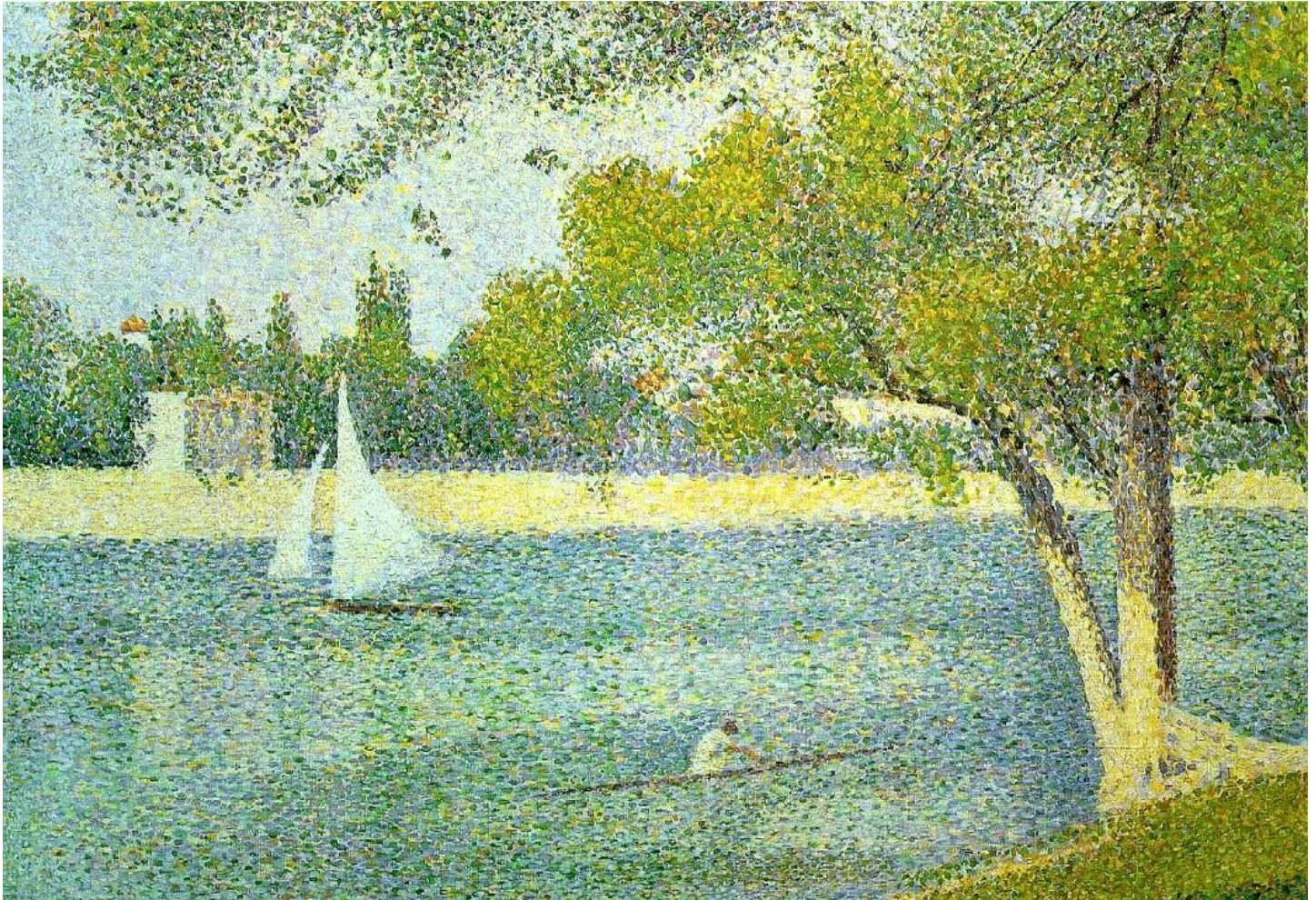
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Where is that tree?



L'art de Francais

by [Tar](#) on September 15, 2014 in [Visual Research](#)

Overview of the art styles of 19th century France:

<http://www.metmuseum.org/toah/ht/?period=10®ion=euwf>

Impressionism:

http://www.metmuseum.org/toah/hd/imml/hd_imml.htm

Post-Impressionism:

http://www.metmuseum.org/toah/hd/poim/hd_poim.htm

By this point in history, France had been through a revolution, the Napoleonic Wars, and several different leaders. The Age of Enlightenment had caused a new outpouring of conflicting ideas, eventually leading way towards the Industrial Revolution. While theorists sought to make technological and ideological advancements and rationalize with science, artists stood their ground. Instead of conforming to the ideas brought about in the Age of Enlightenment, they began the move to Romanticism. Throughout the years this eventually led to the Impressionistic era. The art of this time utilized small precise

brush strokes and often focused on the shift of light. The key components are that it's simple subject matter, has some sort of movement and unusual visual angles.

Not unlike Seurat's own style.

Impressionistic paintings, to me, always seemed very soft and fluid. There's structure but it's done in such a way that it feels effortless. Seurat's style of painting maintains the same key qualities of impressionism, but instead of deviating away from the Age of Enlightenment he uses it to his advantage. His style is very scientific- every bit of it is so meticulously planned out, and yet when you look from afar it resembles that of a classic impressionistic painting. He embraces both worlds to create something new.

The Old Lady would've grown up during the Romantic era, so this makes sense that she sees George's art as unconventional. She doesn't outwardly like it, as it's so against everything she's ever seen, but she knows George's talent. I like to think that during George's life she never quite understood his aesthetic but still stood by his side. It's not until after his death that she can put all the pieces together and see how truly brilliant her son was.

"Pretty isn't beautiful...pretty is what changes...what the eye arranges is what is beautiful."

[← What's in a name?](#)

[The View From Here →](#)

Recent Posts

- [Self-Critique](#)
- [So many possibilities...](#)
- [97](#)
- [White. A Blank page or canvas](#)
- [Notes 11.5.14](#)

Recent Comments

Archives

- [December 2014](#)
- [November 2014](#)
- [October 2014](#)
- [September 2014](#)

Categories

- [Character Work](#)
- [Music and Lyrics](#)
- [Random Thoughts and Interjections](#)
- [Rehearsal Process](#)
- [Research](#)
- [Visual Research](#)

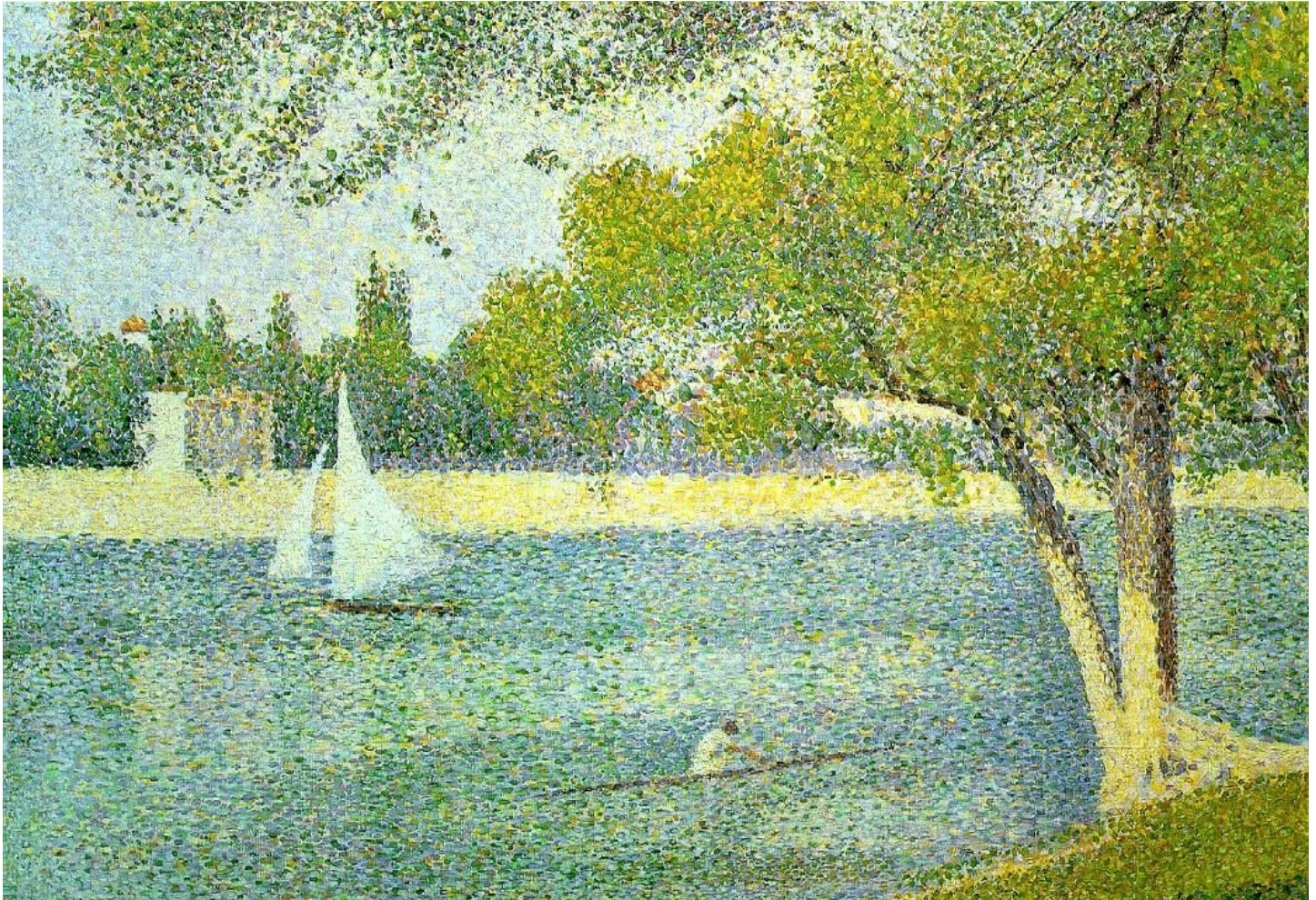
Meta

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- [Comments RSS](#)
- [WordPress.org](#)



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Where is that tree?



What's in a name?

by [Tar](#) on September 3, 2014 in [Character Work](#)

So why doesn't the Old Lady have a name? I usually refer to her as George's Mother, but of course she's not credited as such. Why is that?

Just from reading the script, I think that delaying the reveal that she's his mother creates a great emotional impact on the audience. How long has she been fading? When was the last time she recognized him as her son? etc. All of which I'll have the answers to as the process goes on.

I decided to do some sleuthing and find out what Georges Seurat's mother's name really was and who she was... all I got was that her name was Ernestine Faivre and that she was a Parisian. Georges' father was a customs official named Antoine Chrysostome-Seurat. His father was often away on business, so his mother was his primary care giver. Not a whole lot of information, but enough to show me a little more about the relationship in this show. Given George's reserved nature and care with the Old Lady, I believe they had a very strong relationship prior to her dementia. He tries very hard, and yet with great patience, to connect with his mother. It's early in the process, but I believe them to be very much alike. They both strive to find beauty and aren't exactly people-persons. Despite that they both have a great deal of heart, they just don't always show it as others would. They're both very blunt. One thing the Old Lady has over George is that while he may become withdrawn from others and neglect to see what's going on around him, she's very aware. Despite her mental state, she picks up on the things going on around her. In fact, she knows Dot is pregnant before anyone else does. She tells the nurse (in regards to Dot

being with Louis rather than George) "You cannot eat paintings, my dear– not when there's bread in the oven." At first read, I interpreted this merely as, "Louis bakes, thus gets paid, thus better life for Dot." But then I read it again, and I'm convinced she knows that Dot is pregnant and needs to do what's best for her in order to provide a life for her and her unborn child. As much as she wants George's happiness, she respects Dot for doing what she must do.

This post was just supposed to be about my characters lack of name. Gotta love stream of consciousness.

[← Changing...Fading...](#)

[L'art de Francais →](#)

Recent Posts

- [Self-Critique](#)
- [So many possibilities...](#)
- [97](#)
- [White. A Blank page or canvas](#)
- [Notes 11.5.14](#)

Recent Comments

Archives

- [December 2014](#)
- [November 2014](#)
- [October 2014](#)
- [September 2014](#)

Categories

- [Character Work](#)
- [Music and Lyrics](#)
- [Random Thoughts and Interjections](#)
- [Rehearsal Process](#)
- [Research](#)
- [Visual Research](#)

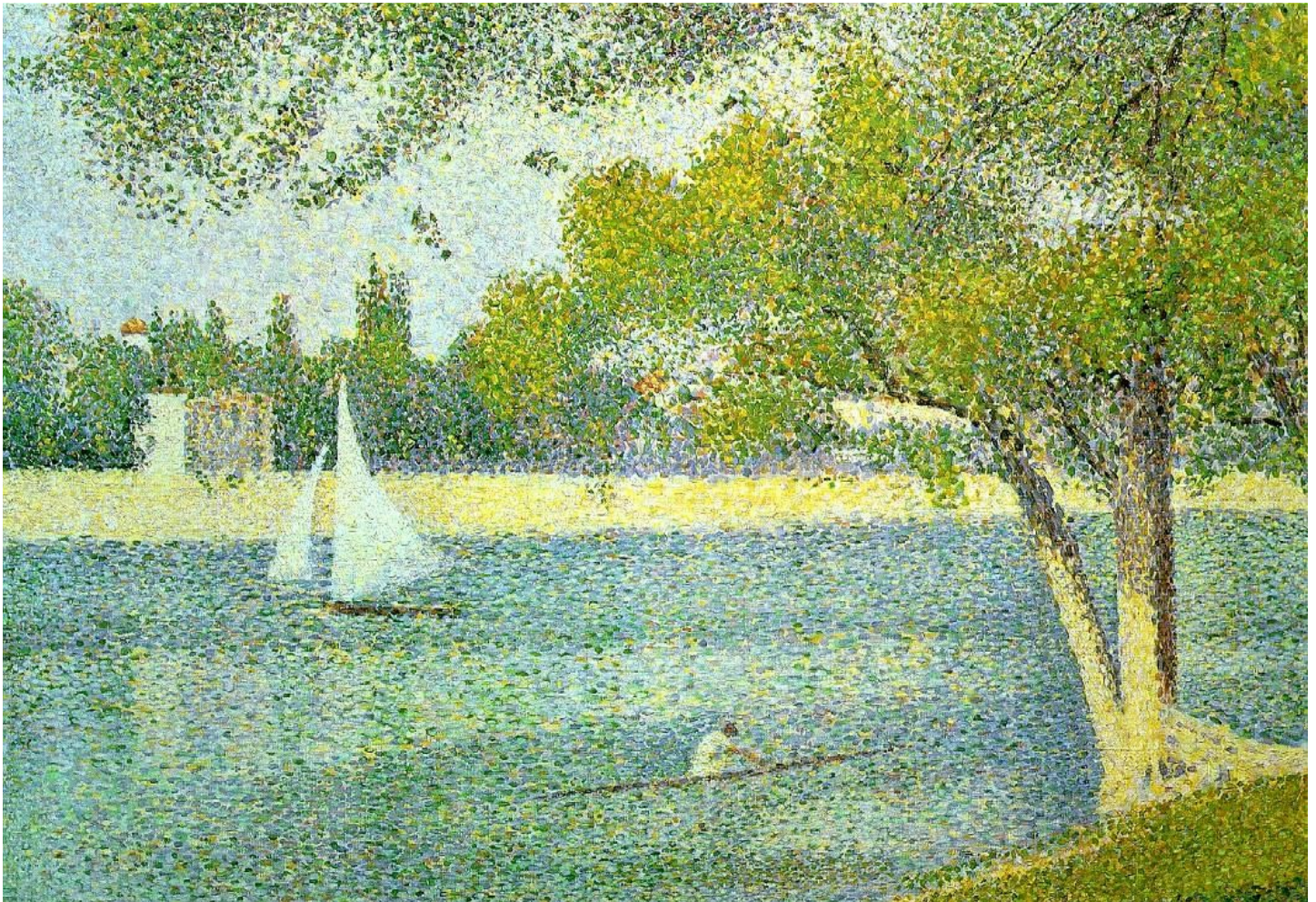
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- [Entries RSS](#)
- [Comments RSS](#)
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Changing...Fading...

by [Tar](#) on September 3, 2014 in [Character Work](#), [Music and Lyrics](#), [Rehearsal Process](#)

In my first rehearsal for "Beautiful" Chris and I had a little dialogue about the piece before diving in...

"Now where is this song in the context of the show?"

"Right after 'We Do Not Belong Together' and 'Sunday'- the act one finale."

"'We Do Not Belong Together' easily could have been the act one closer, or even that to 'Sunday'. This song could have been cut-it almost was. Why wasn't it?"

It's always good to start out a rehearsal with a philosophical discussion. So through our whole rehearsal I kept that in mind. Truth be told, I had only heard the song a few times. The recording of it isn't one of my favorites and I never put much thought into it. I never really thought about why it was in the show. But now it's all I'm thinking about. We continued to talk about how the Old Lady isn't always *there*. With her old age and what I interpret as early-mid stages of Alzheimer's disease, she no longer has a full grasp on reality. Over time Chris and I will find ways to manipulate my voice in order to age it, but more than that we talked about finding the moments throughout the show of when she's lucid and when she's not and how to incorporate that in this song. It was in this moment that I started realizing what a challenge this show would be. I've done multiple characters before, so I was prepared for that venture, but with the Old Lady it's almost like creating two personalities for one person. That's the best way I can articulate what I'm thinking. I'm sure later on I can more clearly explain...

So I left that rehearsal with a lot of questions. And a lot of thoughts.

I decided to refer to Stephen Sondheim's book, *Look, I Made A Hat* to see if he had anything to say on the matter of why it was there. Dead end. But, I did get to look at the lyrics all on one page and really think about them. As we all know, Sondheim is a lyrical genius, and as I read the lyrics I had a thought: the first verse uses the word "changing" whereas the second verse says "fading". Both words imply the same thing outwardly within the song- things aren't as they were. But beyond that they are both very different words. "Changing" implies something new is in place of what was. "Fading" just means it's going away.

This made my heart sink for a moment.

Chris told me to find the moments of clarity and they're right in front of me. In the first verse, she's talking about the park and the incoming industrialism. But in the second verse, she's talking about her memories and life. She's aware of her disease and is fearful. She tells George to "draw it all" so that even if she does lose herself entirely, she can still see what once was. "You make it beautiful" Through George and his art she can relive in her memories. She can live and remember through his paintings, somehow. "Oh, Georgie, how I long for the old view." In this moment she is completely aware that her memory is fading. She wants things to be as they once were, and the only way for that to happen is through George's art.

And that's beautiful.

[← Look, I made a blog](#)

[What's in a name? →](#)

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Draw It All

Where is that tree?



Look, I made a blog

by [Tar](#) on September 2, 2014 in [Random Thoughts and Interjections](#)

Here's hoping I can actually figure out how to work it!

[Changing...Fading... →](#)

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